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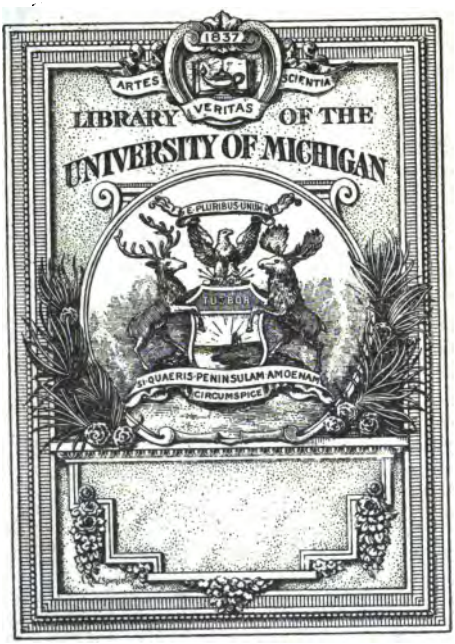
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THE

WORKS

OF

MRS. CHAPONE:

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

CONTAINING

I. LETTERS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.
II. MISCELLANIES.
III. CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. RICHARDSON.
IV. LETTERS TO MISS CARTER.
V. FUGITIVE PIECES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

An Account of her Life and Character,

DRAWN UP

BY HER OWN FAMILY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, FLEET-STREET, AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1807.

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CONTAINING

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A SERIES OF LETTERS TO MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER,

AND

SOME FUGITIVE PIECES,

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Together with

AN ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE AND CHARACTER,

DRAWN UP

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SECOND EDITION.

CORRECTED, WITH SOME ADDITIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, FLEET-STREET, AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1808.

WRIGHT, Printer, St. John's Square.

THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MRS. CHAPONE.

ALTHOUGH it would have been useless to interrupt the course of the letters with which the first volume concludes, by introducing any part of the narrative, it is requisite to go so far back as to repeat that Mrs. Chapone, after her father's death, continued to reside in lodgings in London, but spent much of her time in visits to her friends. Of these she had an extensive and respectable circle, among persons of distinguished characters of both sexes; for neither the narrowness of her income, nor the

retirement of her abode, could conceal that store of attractions which made her acquaintance sought after by all ranks of society.

The greater portion of her time was for some years passed at the two episcopal houses of her uncle, then bishop of Winchester, at Farnham Castle, and at Winchester House, Chelsea.—She was warmly attached both to him and to her aunt, Mrs. Thomas, who was particularly partial to her, and whose affectionate kindness proved an essential source of comfort to her.

With her eldest brother, who always resided in London, and whose strength of mind and benevolence of heart supported, while they soothed her, she lived in habits of constant intercourse, and the most cordial reciprocal affection. Indeed, though blessed with so many other chosen and valuable connexions, he seems to have been her strongest tie to this world.

The houses of her invariable friends Mr. Burrows, with his wife and two younger sisters,

and of his eldest sister, who was then married to Culling Smith, Esq.* afforded her each a frequent and favourite asylum, and she regarded the hours spent with them among the most delightful of her life.

In 1766 she went into Yorkshire, and remained several months at the parsonage house of her second brother,† at Thornhill, near Wakefield, where she contracted that partiality for her niece, his eldest daughter, to which the world was afterwards indebted for her admirable letters on the improvement of the mind.

In 1770 she accompanied Mrs. Montagu, who had long honoured her with her friendship, into Scotland, a tour from which she derived considerable pleasure and amusement, particularly so from a visit they paid on their road at Hagley, the seat of the celebrated Lord

* Now Sir Culling Smith, Bart.

† He married the daughter of William Young, Esq. of the county of Devon.

Lyttelton, where beauty of scenery, blended with ingenious and elegant conversation, mutually contributed to afford her those high gratifications, which her natural taste for both rendered her so capable of enjoying.

In 1772 she wrote the letters on the improvement of the mind, which, though solely intended for the private instruction of her favourite niece, she was induced, by the urgent entreaties of Mrs. Montagu, and the rest of her literary friends, to publish the year following.

The universal admiration these letters excited was sufficiently apparent by the rapidity of their sale, and brought Mrs. Chapone into that public notice which she little coveted.—Numerous were the applications for the acquaintance of the author of such a work, and there were some, who, understanding her circumstances were not affluent, hoped to obtain her assistance in the instruction of their families: but to proposals of this nature she never would listen.

The persuasions of her partial friends, who joined in requesting her to give to the world some farther productions of her pen, induced her, a year or two afterwards, to print the little volume of miscellanies, which, though allowedly inferior to her first publication, contains many specimens of the ingenuity and elegance of her mind.

At the end of the year 1778, she was deprived of her excellent aunt Mrs. Thomas; and in May, 1781, the venerable bishop was also taken from his family, at the age of 86. The loss of such near and kind relations was grievous to her, though essentially supplied by the friendship of their three daughters, the eldest, the wife of the late Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester; the second, of the late Dr. Buller, Bishop of Exeter; and the youngest, of the present Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle.

With these three sisters, of whom Mrs. Ogle only now survives, she kept up a constant affectionate intercourse, and was a fre-

quent, and always welcome visitor at their respective houses.

The calm which Mrs. Chapone had for some years enjoyed, was now to be fatally interrupted.—Sorrow again reached her, and fell with heavy and repeated strokes upon her.

The death of the bishop was succeeded the year following by that of her youngest brother, Edward, of whom she was passionately fond, and whose death, being sudden, and totally unexpected, was a blow she was little prepared to sustain.

This gentleman, well known to the musical world, and who was many years president of the anacreontic society, had qualities that endeared him, not only to his own family and connections, but to all with whom he was upon any terms of intimacy. To a feeling and excellent heart, and cheerful temper, he joined such powers of entertainment from the ori-

ginality of his humour, and the versatility and vivacity of his conversation, "Of infinite jest," "of most excellent fancy:" whose "flashes of merriment were wont to set the table in a roar," that it was unanimously allowed, by those who had been the companions of his social hours, that when he was gone, society was deprived of one of its most agreeable ornaments.

Death now began to make rapid havoc amongst Mrs. Chapone's dearest and most valued friends. Not long after the loss of this brother, she had to lament that of her beloved Mrs. Smith, who was followed by another sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Burrows. In the course of a few years more, Mr. Burrows, and afterwards his widow, were taken from her, and out of that amiable and happy circle, with whom she delighted to associate, and on whom she relied as the sources of her most refined enjoyments, only one sister, the present Mrs. Amy Burrows, remained to bestow on her that heart-felt consolation, which this inestimable friend never failed to administer.

Mrs. Chapone from this time spent her summer almost always in Hampshire, at the houses of her second brother, and of the three sisters before-mentioned, who were all settled in that county.

She paid occasional visits also at the country seat of Mr. Smith, who proved his regard for his departed wife, by the respect and kindness with which he invariably treated her friend; and his daughters strove, by every mark of endearing attention, to supply to her the place of their excellent mother.*

In September, 1791, she lost her brother John, who died at his prebendal house at Winchester, having survived his wife one year.

On the character of this brother the writer of these pages attempts not to expatiate. The pen must not always obey the dictates of the

* The reader will join in lamenting that these amiable young ladies were both afterwards taken from the world in the bloom of youth.

heart. Suffice it, that his genius, his captivating manners, his admirable discharge of the duties of his profession, still live in the remembrance of many. Those readers to whom he was unknown, will not pay the tribute of a sigh to his memory ;—those who did know him, will hardly forbear it.

It might be supposed, that such a succession of severe afflictions would have overpowered so delicate a constitution as Mrs. Chapone's had always been ; but in proportion as her trials increased, her mind seemed to gain additional strength. Though her nerves were injured, and her peace broken, by the many shocks they had sustained, her fortitude remained unsubdued. Unrepining resignation to inevitable evils, she considered as the duty of a Christian, and what she considered as a duty, she never shrank from performing.

Those solid principles which taught her implicity to believe in a reunion with those she loved, in a better world, made her long rise superior to the calamities of this, and

she " mourn'd not as those that have no hope."

Her natural vivacity never forsook her, and while her heart was lacerated by her own sorrows, she could, from the cheerfulness of her conversation, as well as by the tenderness of her sympathy, lighten those of her friends.

The four children of the last mentioned brother, Mrs. Chapone loved as, and always called, her own. They were the last remaining branch of the formerly numerous and prosperous family of which she was a member, and she regarded them as the props that might yet sustain a once flourishing edifice from falling into total decay.—This idea has not been permitted to be realized!

Her eldest niece still continued the darling of her heart, though her kindness and solicitous concern for their welfare was equally shared by them all.

It was not only by the brilliancy of her con-

versation that Mrs. Chapone could amuse those with whom she associated. Any apt occasion that presented itself would call forth the powers of her pen, and she would, with a vein of infinite humour, peculiar to herself, both in prose and verse, describe ludicrous occurrences, or rally foibles that she thought not important enough to require more serious admonitions. Though these were generally too local or too personal to be presented to the public, they afforded such a source of entertainment to those who shared in the perusal of them, as served to enhance the value of her society.

We are indebted to the family of Mr. Burrows for permission to insert a sonnet addressed to him, by Mrs. Chapone, on his growing fond of whist.

FROM MRS. CHAPONE TO MR. BURROWS.

Burrows, whose various pow'rs secure to charm
In verse or prose, with satire or with praise,
With truths sublime the ductile heart can raise,
Melt with affection, with devotion warm;

Or, if thy genius choose the comic form,
With humour quaint, or wit's unlooked-for blaze
Can strike our fancies in a thousand ways
Till peals of laughter thicken to a storm.

Ah, why should whist the social hour engage,
Whilst yet the current of thy wit runs clear?
For honour's sake leave to some future year
The sad resource of dulness and of age.

Nor till thy sprightly converse please no more,
With solemn face on painted paper pore!

The following lines, composed in the night some years ago, on not being able to sleep, will perhaps not be thought an unacceptable witness of the genuine sprightliness of her turn of mind.

In vain I close my weary lids,
Some envious power all sleep forbids.
Why must I endless vigils keep?
I'm sure I never "murder'd sleep,"
But nurs'd it with indulgence kind
By writing—"letters on the mind."

No air-drawn daggers scare my soul,
Nor blood-stain'd hand, nor poison'd bowl;
No injur'd orphans haunt my bed,
Nor demons hover round my head—
Hold—There, perhaps, I say too much;
For aught I know there may be such:
Since Baxter tells us, little devils
Are mighty busy in our evils,
And if in dreams 'tis they perplex us,
Awake too they may choose to vex us.

Some spiteful imp now takes the pains
To jingle rhymes about my brains,
And forces me in verse to think,
Resolv'd I shall not sleep a wink.
Ideas of each motley kind
He brings to throng my helpless mind;
Fancy unable to dispose 'em,
In heaps, with wild confusion throws 'em
While reason hates the rabble rout,
And struggles hard to turn them out,
Well knowing 'twere a wiser way
To see such company by day.

Come, gentle sleep, in vain I cry,
In vain each soothing posture try !
Come, hush'd repose, by silence brought,
Come, happy vacancy of thought !

In vain with stupifying art
I con old poems got by heart;
Or count an hundred o'er and o'er ;
Or tell some story heard of yore
From **** fifty times or more.

Now undulating to my ear
The distant Paul's deep tones I hear :
And now again the watchmen roar,
And bang their clubs against the door.
Ah ! cease ye thoughts my brains to crowd,
Ye watchmen bellow not so loud !
For now methinks a gentle shade
O'er fancy's colouring is laid.
Dim and more dim the visions fly,
That glide before the mental eye ;
In spite of demons and their whims
A stillness creeps o'er all my limbs.

I sink—I doze—when all things fail'd,
My own dull verses have prevail'd !
[*Sleeps.*]

It is hoped the ingenious and elegant authors of the sonnets alluded to in the lines which follow, will not be offended that this unaffected tribute to their merits, from Mrs. Chapone, should be made public, though the sanguineness of her own disposition forbade her to acquiesce in the sentiment of desponding melancholy that poets in general seem to think it necessary a sonnet should always convey.*

ON READING SONNETS BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH, AND BY THE REV. MR. BOWLES.

In yon lone copse the moaning stock-dove dwells,
One plaintive note unvaried sorrow tells.
So Smith and Bowles whom kindred woes inspire,
Still in one key attune the dulcet lyre.
Ah thankless mourners ! whom the muse has grac'd
With vivid fancy, elegance, and taste ;

* Since this was written the world has been deprived of Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

Was it for this her glowing tints she lent,
Her " words that burn," her epithets that paint ?
Shall he who ranges free from clime to clime,
Form'd to enjoy the beauteous and sublime,
Who views with rapture Nature's varied form,
While new ideas kindling fancy warm,
" In a fine frenzy roll'd," whose piercing eye,
" Glancing from earth to heav'n," pervades the sky,
Shall he, in earth or heav'n no object find,
To chase the gloom that overclouds his mind ?

Can she, who owns a mother's tender ties,
While on a blooming race she casts her eyes,
Confess no tear but that of grief alone,
Nor feel with transport these are all her own ?
Ah thankless mourners ! cease the melting strain,
Nor think such notes giv'n only to complain !
Sweet poesy, design'd high heav'n to praise,
To loftiest themes her charming voice should raise.
No more let weak complaints that heav'n accuse,
Which * touch'd for finer ends the fine-wrought Muse.

* Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues. *Shakspeare.*

While meaner minds o'er earth's short woes repine,
Poets like these the seraph's song should join;
Bright hope and grateful joy their notes inspire,
"And wake to ecstasy the living lyre."

Mrs. Chapone was equally the companion of the young and the old. Whilst she alleviated the sufferings or aided the infirmities of the one, she entered with cheerfulness and interest into the pleasures and pursuits of the other. Even those little vexatious accidents of life, shared in common by us all, she had the art of frequently turning into pleasantry; and what by an impatient and discontented mind would have been considered as a misfortune, she would happily contrive to convert into a diversion.

The autumns of 1797 and 1798 she spent at the deanery at Winchester, where, besides the gratification she always experienced from the company and kindness of the admirable friend she there visited, she had the supreme satisfaction of seeing her favourite niece very happily settled, with a worthy and excellent hus-

band, the Rev. Benjamin Jeffreys, who was a fellow of the college in that city. The last of these visits was rendered peculiarly agreeable to her, by having the addition of her beloved brother to partake in her pleasure, as he at the same time passed some weeks at the house of his niece.

This was the last season of enjoyment that Mrs. Chapone was blest with. Afflictions now approached her, that even her constancy was not proof against. In the beginning of February, 1799, this dear brother, her constant companion, friend, and protector, was seized with an unexpected and violent disorder, of which he died, after a fortnight's severe suffering.

This was a calamity Mrs. Chapone had never calculated upon. Though some years older than herself. Mr. Mulso had always enjoyed so much better health, and appeared so likely to attain a vigorous old age, that she had never allowed herself to contemplate the prospect of surviving him.

The world now contained but little to attach her to it, London nothing; but the same laudable resolution thankfully to cherish the few blessings still within her reach, that was the guide of all her actions, made her determine upon settling at Winchester. There she hoped that the attentions of her niece, the unalterable friendship of Mrs. Ogle, and the society of several families, by whom she was equally respected and admired, might in some measure contribute to brighten again the overclouded evening of her days, and cause the short remainder of her life to pass in tolerable ease and comfort. She, however, awaited the approaching confinement of her niece, before she finally arranged this plan, and that was destined to put an end to it for ever; for this amiable child of her affections, this last treasure she possessed, was also torn from her, after giving birth to a dead child, the March following.

This event, together with the removal of the dean and Mrs. Ogle to their family seat in

Northumberland, made her relinquish all thoughts of a residence at Winchester, and she meekly submitted to remain in her cheerless lodgings in London.

Her piety and her patience were still unshaken, but her mind yielded to the effects of these severe shocks. "Reason tottered on her seat." Her memory became visibly and materially impaired, and her body was so much affected by the sufferings of her mind, that she soon sank into a state of alarming debility.

Thus miserably circumstanced, she had still however the grateful consolation to find that the respectable circle of friends with whom she had been used to associate, and who remembered the pleasure her shining talents had formerly afforded them, forsook her not now when their lustre was faded.

Lest the generous feelings of the several benevolent persons who still live should be

wounded by having their names made public, we are induced to suppress an honourable list of sympathising friends, who voluntarily came forward to relieve the infirmities, and soften the calamity of this revered member of their society.

The most strenuous endeavours were exerted to render her situation less deplorable. As the increased expences of the times gave room to apprehend she might have difficulties of another nature to encounter, even pecuniary aid was not withheld, and the most delicately offered contributions, prevented her feeling sensible of this additional source of distress.

Mrs. Chapone never could endure the thoughts of having a companion, who was to be paid for her attentions to her, and therefore it was judged expedient that she and her youngest niece should live together. This niece, who felt conscious of her incapacity solely to supply to her aunt the place of those she had been deprived of, proposed their

quitting London, and residing at Hadley, where the nearness to Mrs. Chapone's invaluable friend Mrs. Amy Burrows, who had retired thither some years before, offered a pleasing hope that one ray of happiness might be restored to the unrepining sufferer.

This plan Mrs. Chapone gladly acquiesced in, and even seemed to dwell with some delight on the prospect of comfort it presented to her, and accordingly she and her niece settled there in the autumn of 1800.

Here, upon her first arrival, the united efforts of Mrs. Burrows, and her niece, the only daughter of Mr. Burrows ; of Mr. Cottrell and his family ; with several other kind neighbours, succeeded in sometimes procuring Mrs. Chapone a few hours of enjoyment ; but they were of short duration, for her infirmities increased so fast, that she was never able to go down stairs above three or four times after she took possession of her house.

Though she daily grew weaker both in body and mind, yet her general health, with the exception of one or two attacks, was rather improved than injured, and she had fewer complaints during the last year of her life, than had probably fallen to her share in any preceding part of it.

No deprivation of intellect, no failure of her powers of entertainment, could diminish the firm and long-tried friendship of Mrs. Burrows; she and Miss Burrows were her constant visitors, and while they surveyed, with compassion and humiliation, the awful lesson to human nature, which the wreck of so bright an ornament of it presented, they omitted no opportunity to administer every soothing means of relief she was then capable of experiencing.

Though at times she was so lost as to be unconscious of the presence of her friends, at others nature seemed to revive within her, and she would occasionally astonish them,

with even brilliant sallies of her genuine vivacity.

In October 1801, Mrs. Chapone completed her 74th year. On the christmas-day following, without any previous illness, having declared herself unusually well the day before, she fell into a doze from which nothing could arouse her, and which the medical gentleman who attended her immediately pronounced to be the forerunner of death; and at eight o'clock in the evening, without one apparent struggle or sigh, she breathed her last in the arms of her niece, still attended by her unremitting friend Mrs. Burrows.

Such was the life, and such the end of Mrs. Chapone. If her character be not sufficiently made known by what has been recounted of her, it would be frivolous to attempt a farther delineation of it here. There has been no design to present a "faultless monster" to the world. It is not pretended that she was free from failings—for she was a human creature;

but they would be recorded with an ill grace by those who sowell remember how few they were in comparison with her virtues, and who constantly they were checked by a religious sense of duty, and by a benevolent wish to live in charity and good will with all her fellow creatures. Humility was a prominent feature in her character; she was so thankful for any good offices that were rendered her, that nothing offended her so much as calling the world wicked and ungrateful. She always insisted upon it, that there was a much greater portion of good than evil in it, and frequently observed, "If it were not the best natured of all worlds, I should not have received so much kindness as I have done in it."

Of embellishment or exaggerated praise these memoirs may be acquitted, but if the pen of affection has been too diffuse, it is hoped that the candour of those who give themselves the trouble to peruse it, will prompt them to consider the error as pardonable.

Kind reader, there now survive but few who could boast an alliance with Mrs. Chapone, and if you would hereafter entitle yourself to the same veneration, and fond attachment to your memory from those you leave behind you, that her merits and amiable qualities have obtained for her, "*Go and do thou likewise!*"

MISS MULSO'S FIRST LETTER

ON

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Friday, Oct. 12, 1750.

YOUR reproach, dear sir, of having so soon left you off as a correspondent, sits heavy upon my heart; and the more so, because you might reasonably have expected that I should have written to you from Hampton, as you so kindly desired. I came from thence but yesterday, and often wished, while I was there, for one half hour to myself, which I would have employed in writing to you. But it could not be; the business there was to laugh, to sing, and to dance; and I was not allowed to be enough a rational creature to converse with Mr. Richardson. However, don't think me quite lost in dissipation: I am now returned home, and settled, I hope, for the winter; and returned with the same taste for reasonable pleasures that I went out with, and shall find the same delight in your conversation, whenever you will favour me with it, as I did when I was so happy at North-End. You must not deny me your company here the first day

next week that you are at leisure, and we must then fix on some day for me to wait on your amiable friend Miss Highmore. I am sure you will not refuse to meet me there. Do, good sir, send me word when I may see you, and let it be on a day when your evening is unengaged. Miss Prescott has desired me not to neglect the proposal you made to me of telling you in writing my sentiments on the subject we touched on at North-End, of filial duty and parental authority. She thinks with me, that to engage you to an explanation of your notions on this, as well as on all other important subjects, cannot but be highly advantageous and improving to her and me; and it is with this view that I am contented to expose my opinions to you, in order to have them rectified by you. And you have given me leave to oppose my weak arguments to yours, till I can bring my reason to give its free assent to your opinion. I will therefore venture to give you my sentiments, though it is highly probable that they will suffer by my manner of representing them.

I suppose that parental authority, like all other authority of one creature over another, is designed to promote the happiness and good of the person who is to submit to it; at least, that this is the principal end of its institution.

A king is vested with power over his subjects, that he may maintain order amongst them, and provide for their safety and welfare. Parents have a natural authority over their children, that they may guide their steps during their infancy and youth, whilst their reason is too weak to be trusted with the direction of their own actions. But though this motive to obedience ceases when the children are grown up, and endued, as it may happen, with stronger reason than their parents; yet, then, love and gratitude take place, and oblige them to the same observance and submission to the will of their parents, in all cases except where a higher duty interferes, or where the sacrifice they are expected to make is greater than any degree of gratitude can require. For though gratitude may demand that those who, under God, were the authors of my life, and

who provided for its support when I was incapable of doing it myself, should have a proper control over me, and that in all reasonable instances my will should submit to theirs; yet you must allow that to suffer me to live, yet bid me destroy all the peace and happiness of my life, is to exact a much harder obedience, an obedience which no human creature can have a right to exact from another. Yet this was not all that was exacted from Clarissa by her father and family. She was not only commanded to sacrifice her happiness but her innocence: the marriage they would have forced her to, would not only have plunged her into misery but guilt; a guilt no less black than that of solemn perjury before the altar of God. Can it then be made a doubt whether she had a natural right to refuse her obedience in this case, and, when brutal force was designed, to use every method her own prudence could suggest to get out of their power. Had she not a right to disclaim an authority which was made use of, not according to its true end, to promote her happiness, but to make her miserable? Not to lead her to good, but to drag her to sin and

perdition? If then what she did was just and reasonable, why is she represented as continually afflicting her soul with remorse and fear, on account of this one action of self-defence, and suffering as much horror and dread from her father's diabolical curse, as if he had really the power of disposing of her happiness in the next world as well as in this? Why is Clarissa, who is drawn as a woman of so good an understanding, and who reasons so justly on all other subjects, to be so superstitious and weak in her apprehensions of parental authority? She is so fettered by prejudice that she does not allow her reason to examine how far her conduct is to be justified or blamed; but implicitly joins with her father to condemn herself, when neither reason nor religion condemn her. Does not this, in some measure, call in question the foundation of her other virtues, which, if not grounded on reason, but on blind prejudice and superstition, lose all their value? The enemies of virtue are too ready to accuse its followers of superstition, of laying themselves under restraints, which God and Nature never imposed on them

I would therefore have those characters, which are drawn as patterns of virtue, keep clear of superstition; and shew that the precepts of religion are most agreeable to reason and nature, and productive of our happiness, even in this world. Will you forgive me, dear sir, for making this objection to a character which is otherwise unexceptionable, and which is calculated to promote religion and virtue more than any fiction that ever appeared in the world? I dare say that you will be able to convince me that I have considered this part of the character in a wrong light; at least, if you take the pains to try, you will convince me that you do not think my opinion below your notice, and that you have more regard for me than I can any way deserve, but by the sincere esteem and affectionate value, with which I am, good Mr. Richardson's obliged humble servant,

HESTER MULSO.

MISS MULSO'S SECOND LETTER

ON

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Nov. 10, 1750.

How much my heart thanks you for all the trouble you have taken with me, my most kind friend! my excellent instructor! I have no words that can express. I am ashamed to think how much time I have cost you; may but my mind be as much bettered as it has been delighted by your last letter, and then, my dear Mr. Richardson will not think his labour thrown away, even on me.

But yet, believe me, I am not a little distressed how to answer you. To urge fresh arguments against yours, will be to give you fresh trouble, and will, I fear, make you almost despair of doing any good to so obstinate, so tenacious a girl. Yet, my dear sir, you know I prepared you to expect to find me very slow in apprehending truths, which I had not been used to receive as such; and you gave me leave to own myself not convinced. even after you had taken the pains to explain

and enforce your opinion. I would fain flatter myself, that this is not owing to obstinacy in my temper; that my mind is open to conviction, and wishes for truth, and not for victory. But how shall this appear to you?—Let it appear as it will, I dare not be insincere; and to give up the argument without being convinced, would be to defeat the good intentions of my kind correspondent, who can have no other motive to correspond with me at all, but the desire of my improvement, and my good. I will therefore continue to lay open to him all my thoughts; he will I know have patience with my weakness and absurdity; and though he cannot help sometimes shaking his head and crying "Ah, Miss "Mulso!" yet he will not do it with too much contempt; he will not *hate* me, even though I should persist in the wrong.

You tell me I argue partially on the side of children. I will not defend myself from this, because partiality is a fault which of all others we are least likely to find out in ourselves: yet this I will say, that I have as little reason

to be partial on this subject as any child can have; for it has pleased God to bless me with a parent who has secured my obedience by engaging on his side my tenderest affection, and warmest gratitude; to whom I am bound by all sorts of ties; and from whom I have not the least reason to fear any tyrannous exercise of power, since tyranny is as much a stranger to his nature, as it is contrary to his principles. And however heavy the chains of oppression and slavery might have sat upon me, (I believe there is a rebellious spirit within me, which so tried, would have been apt to break out) yet I hope I am not very untractable to the reins of a mild and reasonable government. I hope my own heart deceives me not, when it assures me that it is ready to sacrifice much of its own happiness to that of my dear papa; and that it will always acknowledge, by every act of reverence and submission which may not interfere with its first duties, the great debt of gratitude which it must for ever owe him.

Fear not therefore, good sir, that what you

think wrong principles should influence my practice in this important branch of duty; and forgive this egotism, which, however impertinent in a general argument, may give some satisfaction to your kind heart, always anxious for the good of others.

You seem so much surprised, nay I fear shocked, at the reason on which I suppose parental authority founded, and at my supposing that there is a time when *that reason* for the child's obedience ceases, that I cannot help fancying that I did not state my opinion in proper terms, or that I have not sufficiently explained it; therefore I beg leave to give it you once more, in the words of Mr. Locke, in that chapter which treats of paternal power in his treatise on government. I do not cite his *authority* to uphold my argument; for no authority less than divine should be urged against reasoning; and if I could have yielded to authority alone, it would have been sufficient for me to know your opinion, without any arguments at all. My reason for troubling you, as I am going to do, with a very long

quotation, is, because the case is better stated, and the arguments more clearly expressed, than they would be, if I gave them you in my own words.

Mr. Locke, after having spoken of "that "equal right that every man hath to his na- "tural freedom, without being subjected to "the will and authority of any other man," proceeds thus.

"Children I confess are not born IN this "full state of equality, though they are born "TO it. Their parents have a sort of rule and "jurisdiction over them when they come into "the world, and for some time after, but it is "but a temporary one. The bonds of this "subjection, are like the swaddling-cloaths "they are wrapt up in, and supported by, in "the weakness of their infancy: age and rea- "son, as they grow up, loosen them, till at "length they drop quite off, and leave a man "at his own free disposal.

"Adam was created a perfect man; his

" body and mind in full possession of their
" strength and reason; and so was capable
" from the first instant of his being, to provide
" for his own support and preservation, and
" govern his actions according to the dictates
" of the law of reason which God had im-
" planted in him. From him the world is
" peopled with his descendants, who are all
" born [infants] weak and helpless, without
" knowledge or understanding. But to sup-
" ply the defects of this imperfect state till
" the improvement of growth and age hath
" removed them, Adam and Eve, and after
" them all parents, were, by the law of na-
" ture, under an obligation to preserve, nou-
" rish, and educate the children they had be-
" gotten; not as their own workmanship, but
" the workmanship of their own Maker, the
" Almighty, to whom they were to be ac-
" countable for them.

" The law that was to govern Adam, was
" the same that was to govern all his poste-
" rity, the law of reason. But his offspring
" having another way of entrance into the

" world different from him, by a natural birth,
" that produced them ignorant, and without
" the use of reason, they were not presently
" under that law; for nobody can be under a
" law which is not promulgated to him; and
" this law being [promulgated, or] made known
" by the use of reason, [only], he that is not
" come to the use of his reason, cannot be
" said to be under this law, and Adam's chil-
" dren, being not presently as soon as born un-
" der this law of reason, were not presently
" free. For law in its true notion, is not so
" much the *limitation* as the *direction* of a
" free and intelligent agent *to his proper in-*
" *terest*, and prescribes no farther than is for
" the general good of those under that law.
" So that, however it may be mistaken, the
" end of law is not to abolish or restrain, but
" to preserve and enlarge freedom; for in all
" the states of created beings capable of laws,
" where there is no law there is no freedom.
" For liberty, is, to be free from restraint
" and violence from others, which cannot be
" where there is no law: but freedom is not,
" as we are told, a liberty for every man to do

" what he lists ; (for who could be free when
" every other man's humour might domineer
" over him ?) but a liberty to dispose and order
" as he lists, his person, actions, possessions, and
" his whole property within the allowance of
" those laws under which he is, and therein
" not to be subject to the arbitrary will of
" another, but freely follow his own.

" The power then that parents have over
" their children arises from that duty which
" is incumbent on them to take care of their
" offspring, during the imperfect state of
" childhood. To inform the mind and go-
" vern the actions of their yet ignorant non-
" age, till reason shall take its place and ease
" them of that trouble, is what the children
" want, and the parents are bound to.
" For God having given man an understand-
" ing to direct his actions, has allowed him a
" freedom of will, and a liberty of acting, as
" properly belonging thereunto, within the
" bounds of that law he is under. But whilst
" he is in an estate wherein he has not under-
" standing of his own to direct his will, he is
" not to have any will of his own to follow ;

" he that understands for him must will for
" him too, [he must prescribe to his will, and
" regulate his actions:] But when he comes
" to the state that made his father a freeman,
" the son is a freeman too.

" This holds in all the laws a man is under,
" whether natural or civil. Is a man under
" the law of nature? What made him free
" of that law? What gave him a free dis-
" posing of his property according to his own
" will within the compass of that law? I an-
" swer a state of maturity, wherein he might
" be supposed capable to *know that law*, that
" so he might keep his actions within the
" bounds of it. When he has acquired that
" state, he is supposed to know how far that
" law is to be his guide, and how far he may
" make use of his freedom; and so comes to
" have it; till then, somebody else must
" guide him who is presumed to know how
" far the law allows a liberty. If such a state
" of reason, such an age of discretion made
" him free, the same shall make his son free
" too." (And if his son, I presume his-

daughter too; since the duty of a child is equally imposed on both, and since the natural liberty Mr. Locke speaks of arising from reason, it can never be proved that women have not a right to it, unless it can be proved that they are not capable of knowing the law they are under.) "Is a man under the law of England? What made him free of that law? "—A capacity of knowing that law; which "is supposed by that law at the age of twenty-one years: and in some cases sooner. "If this made the father free, it shall make the "son free too.

"Thus we are born free, as we are born "rational. Not that we have actually the exercise of either; age that brings one brings "with it the other too.

"But though" (now, dear sir, comes the distinction, which you call *plausible*, and by which I think some care is taken of the parent's happiness as well as the child's, and by which I am persuaded no parent will suffer, who does not wish for more power than be-

longs to a mortal.) "But though there be a "time when a child comes to be as free from "subjection to the will and command of his "father, as the father himself is free from sub- "jection to the will of any body else; and "they are both under no other restrain than "what is common to them both, whether it be "the law of nature, or principal law of their "country," (or let me add the laws of God, as revealed in scripture) "yet this freedom "exempts not a son from that *honour* which "he ought by the law of God and nature to "pay his parents. God having made the "parents instruments in his great design of "continuing the race of mankind, and the oc- "casions of life to their children, as he hath "laid on them an obligation to nourish, pre- "serve, and bring up their offspring, so he "hath laid on the children a perpetual obli- "gation of honouring their parents; which "containing in it an *inward esteem and re- "verence to be shewn by all outward expres- "sions*, ties up the child from any thing that "may ever injure or affront, disturb, or en- "danger, the happiness or life of those from

" whom he received his ; and engages him in
" all actions of defence, relief, assistance, and
" comfort of those by whose means he entered
" into being, and has been made capable of
" any enjoyments of life. From *this obliga-*
" *tion, no state, no freedom, can absolve chil-*
" *dren.* But this is very far from giving pa-
" rents a power of command over their chil-
" dren, or an authority to make laws, and
" dispose, as they please, of their lives or *li-*
" *berties.* 'Tis *one thing* to owe *honour, res-*
" *pect, gratitude,* and *assistance, another,* to
" require an *absolute obedience* and *submission.*
" the honour due to parents, a monarch in
" his throne owes his mother, and yet this les-
" sens not his authority, nor subjects him to her
" government.

" The want of distinguishing these two
" powers, viz. that which the father hath in
" the right of tuition during minority, and the
" right of honour all his life, may perhaps
" have caused a great part of the mistakes
" about this matter. For to speak properly of
" them, the first of these is rather the *privi-*

" *lege of children*, and *duty of parents*, than " any prerogative of paternal power. The " nourishment and education of their children " is a charge so incumbent on parents for " their children's good, that nothing can ab- " solve them from taking care of it. And " though the power of commanding and chas- " tizing them go along with it, yet God hath " woven into the principles of human nature " such a tenderness for their offspring, that there " is little fear that parents should use their power " with too much rigour. The excess is seldom " on the severe side, the strong bias of nature " drawing the other way." (This is certainly true in general: but yet there are parents who seem to have none of this tenderness interwoven in their natures, or who have entirely rooted it out of their hearts; an instance of which I know, in the case of a very intimate friend of mine; whose parents I am sure were much less fit to be trusted with the measures of their own authority, than the child with the measures of its obedience. For the *old Yahoos* were a thousand times more wicked and unreasonable, than a little Yahoo could

be.) "This is that power to which children "are commanded obedience, that the pains "and care of their parents may not be in- "creased, or ill-rewarded. On the other "side, *honour and support*, all that which *gra-* "*titude* requires to return for the benefits re- "ceived by and from them, [See Mr. Richard- "son!] is the *indispensable duty* of the child, and "*proper privilege* of the parents. This is in- "tended for the parent's advantage, as the other "is for the child's. Though education, the "parent's duty, seems to have most power, be- "cause the ignorance and infirmities of child- "hood stand in need of restraint and correc- "tion, which is a visible exercise of rule; and "a kind of dominion; and that duty which "is comprehended in the word *honour* re- "quires less obedience, though the obligation "be stronger on *grown* than younger children. "For who can think the command '*children,* "*obey your parents,*' requires, in a man that "has children of his own, the same submission "to HIS father, as it does in his yet young "children to HIM? And that, by this pre- "cept, he were bound to obey all his father's

" commands, if, out of a conceit of authority, " he should have the indiscretion to treat " him still as a boy? A man may owe honour " and respect to an ancient or wise man, de- " fence to his child or friend, relief and sup- " port to the distressed, and gratitude to a be- " nefactor, to such a degree, that all he has, " all he can do, cannot sufficiently pay it. " But all these give no authority, no right to " any one of making laws over him, from " whom they are owing; *and 'tis plain all* " *this is* NOT OWING *to the bare title of father,* " *because obligations to parents, and the de-* " *grees of what is required of children, may* " *be varied by the different care and kindness,* " *trouble and expence which are often employ-* " *ed upon one child more than another.*"

Whether this doctrine will appear to you in any better light from Mr. Locke's explanation of it, I know not. To me, I must own, it appears highly reasonable, and the objections you have made, do not to me appear strong enough to overthrow it.

You draw the picture of a very selfish ungrateful little villain of a girl, (with more severity on the sex than I expected from *you*) and then conclude with saying that she may justify herself by taking it for granted that "parental authority is designed to promote the "happiness and good of the person who is to "submit to it, at least that this is the principal "end of its institution." So, give me leave to add, are all laws and restrictions; even those which proceed directly from the Deity himself, are manifestly designed to promote the good of mankind in general, and of each individual in particular; and are besides enforced by the promise of future rewards. But does it weaken their authority to say that they are so? Shall I be the less willing to obey, because I know it is my interest, and that obedience is made my duty, *for my own sake?*

You say that you can by no means consent that an indispensable duty should be bartered away for gratitude. Is not gratitude then an indispensable duty? Believe me, it appears

so to me ; and with regard to our parents, I am ready to allow with Clarissa, that it is a duty anterior to all others, (except those we owe to the Supreme Being) because our obligations to our parents begin with our birth, and are increasing daily, during our helpless state of infancy, in which we are not capable of making any return to them, not even the small tribute of acknowledgment. It must therefore be the business of our riper years to confess, and, as far as we are able, to return the benefits we have received. And on this I hope I may, without offence, suppose THAT duty founded, which is comprehended in the words, *Honour thy father and mother.* What *I* understand by the word honour, you have already seen in the words of Mr. Locke. " But, say you, how can a child be grateful, " who thinks not herself obliged ?" If having received the *highest benefits*, life, education, support, and a provision for the rest of her life, (either given or designed her) she thinks not herself obliged, what shall I say to *such a one ?* No duty, no obligation can bind her ; she either has not a capacity to know the law

she is under, and so is not arrived at a state of freedom, or else, knowing it, she defies it; and is in rebellion, not only against her parents, but against her God. If your *little Yahoo* can dare to conclude that "gratitude to "her papa and mamma she owes none, that "*love for them* she has *none*, *that* being flown "to a dearer object;" [How Mr. Richardson! is the human heart capable of loving no more than one object at a time? Did your sweet Pamela love her father and mother less after she had given her heart and hand to Mr. B. than before?] "and that, in short, she has no "motive to regard them;" what have I to do with *such a girl?* Let the *little villain* justify herself as she can, but not by using my words, which I am sure will never serve her purpose.

Clarissa says that at *every age* on this side matrimony, the wings of our parents are our most necessary safeguard, from the vultures, the hawks, &c. Suppose a woman lives single till forty; I fancy by that time the HAWKS, *vultures*, and *kites* will give her very little

trouble ; and that she might be pretty secure from the danger of being DEVOURED, though she should have the courage to creep from under the wings of her parents. Or suppose a *young* woman left an orphan, (we will, however, suppose her a *woman*, of age to know the law she lives under, and to dispose of her own property,) must she necessarily become the prey of some rapacious animal ? and must she *of course* be unhappy, for want of prudence to conduct herself through life ? If not, it is plain that there is an age at which she may be capable of governing her own actions according to the laws of her religion and her country. But you ask me what is to become of those young women who want prudence ? Just the same that will become of *men* who want prudence ; just what will become of their parents, if *they* should want prudence ; they will draw themselves into distresses and inconveniences ; and this must be the case of *some* of those *many* who never are at *years of discretion.*

You may by this time have guessed what I meant by the words *grown up.* " But at what

"time," says Hooker, "a man may be said to "have attained so far forth the use of reason "as sufficeth to make him capable of those "laws whereby he is then bound to guide his "actions, this is much more easy for sense to "discern, than for any one by skill and learn-"ing to determine."

But now for the particular case of marriage. Take notice, dear Sir, that I, as well as Clarissa, only insist on a *negative;* and that it never entered into my mind to suppose a child at liberty to dispose of herself in marriage, without the consent of her parents. This *gratitude*, or the *duty of honouring them*, forbids, unless they had first cast her out of their protection, and forced her to seek another guardian. You think I expressed myself too strongly with regard to forced marriages; and perhaps I did; for I always considered marriage in a more solemn light than the generality of people do; and as I think highly of the felicity of the state where it is a marriage of souls as well as persons, so have I a dreadful idea of the misery of being "*join-*

ed, and not *matched*." But if I have carried these notions too far, surely the absurdity of the generality of parents on the other hand is still greater; and I did not expect from Mr. Richardson to have heard any excuses, any palliatives for their sordid, base way of thinking; I did not expect to hear from HIM that "daughters many times have reason to wish that they *had been* prevailed on," to give their hands where their hearts refused to be given; or to have heard Colonel Morden cited *as a man of observation*, for the support of that favourite maxim of most parents, but surely *not of Mr. Richardson*, that however strong your aversion may be to your *lover*, you can't fail of loving your *husband*; as if the ceremony of marriage could alter the nature either of the man or the woman, and remove the natural antipathy between worth and baseness, between good sense and folly, between the grovelling, dirty little soul of a Solmes, and that of the almost divine Clarissa. If the lady's dislike be only to the *person* of the man; if he be a man of sense and worth, and one to whom she can have no other objection, but that his

outward form displeases her, I do think such a dislike *may be* overcome, where there is no prepossession in favour of another. Yet even *trivial* as this objection is, in comparison of others which regard the mind, I think it ought to be overcome, if it *can* be overcome, before marriage; and that a woman ought not to trust to a *possibility* of *being able to perform* her solemn vow.

How little likelihood is there, that a man who, with all the assiduity, all the compliance, all the arts which the desire of pleasing inspires him with, whilst a lover, cannot obtain a favourable thought, should at once become amiable in those very eyes which before regarded him with aversion, and dear to that heart which shrunk at his approach, from the moment that he is adorned with the title of *husband!* When from the humble, crawling slave, who dreaded her frown, the mean wretch begins to strut about, full of the sense of his new prerogatives, and puffed up almost to bursting, with the pride of having a creature every way his superior in his *power*, and bound

to *obey* him. Oh Sir, you who could paint so well the *man of wisdom* tugging at the leading-strings of his pretty fool, to restrain her from embracing a serpent; paint, I beseech you, the lovely, the wise, the noble, the good Clarissa, not in *leading-strings*, but in *chains*; (for tyranny is the triumph of low minds, and almost the sure consequence of power in the hands of a fool) her hands manacled, her feet fettered down to earth, her head bowed down with shame and dejection of soul, and her face covered with blushes for the ridiculous, contemptible appearance and behaviour of her husband. Her shoulders heavy laden with her marriage *yoke*, and her agreeable *yoke-fellow* leaving the whole weight of it to her, whilst he affects to look big, and to put on an air of superiority and command, which increases in proportion to her meekness and readiness to obey; no way for her to oblige him, since he looks on the most painful compliances as *her duty*, and *his due*. The constant *drudgery* of *dissimulation* which she must submit to, in order to behave as she ought, and to *appear* to perform her engagement to

love and honour him, either effectually deceives him, (and then he plumes himself on her fondness, thinks his irresistible charms have captivated her, and that let him behave as he will, the poor, fond fool cannot help loving him), or else, if he sees through her struggles to oblige him, and perceives the force she puts upon herself, he has not delicacy enough to be hurt by it, but building on her virtue and conscience, cares not to please her, or to soften her slavery; well knowing that let her hate him as she will, she will still do her duty by him. This is the lot, of which you say that you will not think highly of that woman's prudence, who, after a while, could not reconcile herself tolerably to it; especially if children follow the marriage. Alas! children which are the greatest blessings in a happy marriage, would in this case bring with them fresh grief and mortification to the unhappy mother, who would see them absurdly, if not cruelly treated; and if her husband interfered at all in their education, see their minds poisoned with the mean notions and bad maxims, as well as by the example of their father;

and her own instructions, if she gives them any, must be directly opposite to his. Prudence may enable her to behave with decency and patience in such calamities, but will it prevent her feeling them? Will it restore that *inward* peace and joy, which her implicit obedience has robbed her of? Yet such is the eligible condition in which the wise, the experienced part of the world, take such infinite pains to place their children; such the *Lord* to whom they would sell and enslave the darling of their hearts, for whom they have treasured up their gain, and from whom, as from a rising sun, they expect to have lustre and gladness cast on the winter of their days. Is it possible that experience should produce error, and that the exemption of old people from the passions of youth, should be no better a privilege than to leave room for the love of money, which seems then to engross the whole soul, and to fill up the place of all the other passions! Does the soul (one would be almost tempted to ask) *contract* and *shrivel up* with old age, like the body? And can time wither even virtue?

Don't think me insolently pert upon old people. Believe me, a virtuous and wise old age is the object of my sincerest reverence and highest esteem. I confess the great advantage which experience gives to a good understanding, and the happy opportunities which that calm season of life allows for the greater progress of virtue, and for a more uninterrupted attention to the duties of religion. I think it is reasonable to suppose, that as it is the grand business of our lives to endeavour to rise by degrees to that state of excellence and happiness which is the ultimate end of our being, he who has made this his vocation, and has spent his life in pressing forward to the prize of his high calling, will be nearer the attainment of perfection in an advanced age, than he who has but begun his race can be, with whatever ardour and diligence he sets out. But yet, my dear Sir, you who have by an amazing strength of thought and penetration, and unwearied observation, gained so much more knowledge of the world, and of the human heart, than the longest life gives to others; whose zeal for doing good, whose benevolence

and friendship have all the warmth of youth, though guided by maturest judgment; who have too much real dignity to need to usurp upon our respect, or to exact that deference to your *years* which is due to your wisdom and virtue; *you*, I say, may speak impartially on this subject, and I may tell to you, without fear of offending, my observations on those who claim our acquiescence in all their opinions, from their superiority of years and experience. And you will shew me where my observations are false, and teach me how to make the best use of those which are true. What shall I think of human nature, and how shall I avoid dreading the continuance of my life, lest, instead of improving, I should be more and more corrupted by the world; more selfish, more ungenerous, more contracted in my views, more earthly in my affections, when I see those who in their youth had hearts capable of delicate sentiments, who were open, generous, sincere, and benevolent, gentle, cheerful, and agreeable in their tempers, innocent in their manners, and unaffected in their piety; when I see these very people, in

an advanced age, grown cold to all tender and good affections; close and designing; covetous and mean; insensible to the pains of others, and *slow*, if not *unwilling*, to relieve them; rigid in their precepts, yet self-indulgent, full of reverence for themselves, and of contempt for youth, peevish, imperious, tyrannical, and self-conceited, yet manifestly weak in judgment, and dull of apprehension? I am sure you must have known instances of such who, in the early part of their lives, obtained, and perhaps deserved, the former character, sunk into the sad, the pitiable state I have described, in their last stage. Is it that a long commerce with the world does indeed corrupt the heart; and extinguish by degrees those sparks of light, those inclinations to good, which were implanted in our minds? Or is it rather to be attributed to the seeds of original evil, which grow with our years, and overspread the whole soul? But though there are some instances of this melancholy change for the worse, there are doubtless many of improvement and reformation; therefore perhaps this observation may be to no purpose here, unless it shews

that a superiority of years does not *always* give real superiority; and that parents are *sometimes* the *less* qualified to judge of the real good and happiness of their children for being so much older than they, for having lost the tenderness and sensibility of their *hearts*, without adding much to the strength and capacity of their *heads*.

But I have insensibly wandered from the subject of forced marriages. I must own that I can recede very little from the strength of my expressions on this subject. I can only consent to change the word *misery* into *unhappiness*. I must still say that the marriage Clarissa's parents would have forced her to, would have plunged her into *unhappiness*, &c. *Misery* is perhaps too strong a term for any degree of calamity which can be inflicted on us in this world, for *absolute misery* is inconsistent with a state of mortality, as well as absolute happiness, but I cannot help thinking that a marriage so very unsuitable as that of a Solmes and a Clarissa, generally *disturbs*, if not *destroys* the peace and happiness of the

whole life, and I think it very unlikely that any length of time should produce friendship between two minds that are the very opposites to each other, in opinions, sentiments, and principles; and it is plain that Clarissa thought so too; for she would not have drawn upon herself the anger, and even reprobation of those, she so much honoured and loved, and encountered with so many persecutions, difficulties and distresses, had she believed that, after a while, she could have reconciled herself to Solmes, and have been tolerably happy with him; and that if she *endeavoured* to accomplish her marriage vow, she *should* accomplish it. If this be granted, I think, (after having as you desired perused the matrimonial office, and weighed to the best of my abilities the force of the words) that I shall not have much to retract from my assertion, that a marriage with Solmes would have involved Clarissa in guilt as well as *unhappiness*; a guilt very little, if at all short of *solemn perjury before the altar of God.* You say that the promise of the wife to *love* and *honour* her husband, implies no more than that she will

endeavour to love and honour him. And though this is *not expressed* in the vow, yet I am willing to grant that, as the inward thoughts and affections of our hearts are not absolutely in our power, as the outward actions by which they are to be shewn are, *best endeavours* only are implied. But if this promise be made with a full persuasion that *those endeavours* will be *ineffectual*, and that it will never be in your power to perform what you then promise, what an equivocal salvo is this! If I promise to give to any one an estate which is actually in my own possession, some unforeseen accident may happen to disappoint my intentions and put it out of my power to perform my promise: I may die before it is performed, or he to whom I promise may die; or my estate may be taken from me by violence. Therefore no more can be understood, by any such promise, than that I will do it, if it is in my power. So, if I marry a man, for whom I have a sincere and well grounded love and esteem, that man may afterwards so change his principles and behaviour, as to wear out my love, and put it out of my power

to esteem him. But if I, not having one single foot of land, nor the least probability of ever having any, and being fully persuaded in my own mind that I never shall be mistress of any, do nevertheless give a positive promise to bestow an estate on any body, could I quiet my own conscience by saying within myself that I only meant that I *would give it if I could*, and that I would *endeavour* to give it, when I well knew that all my endeavours would never put it in my power? Would not he to whom I made the promise have a right to accuse me of falsehood and breach of promise? And would not God and my own heart join with him to accuse me? And is it not the same thing if having *no love, no honour*, for the man I marry, at the time, nor any likelihood of ever being able to love and honour him, I nevertheless give a positive promise so to do? *Even the best endeavours only are implied.* I always considered wilful prevarication with as much abhorrence, and rather more contempt, than a downright lie; it is the mean subterfuge of those who would have all the advantage of deceiving, yet save

themselves from the danger of it: it is impiously trifling with the great Searcher of hearts, who regards our intentions, and not our words. I must therefore think Clarissa would have been guilty of falshood, and breach of her vow by marrying Solmes; and as this vow is to be made in so solemn a manner, in the presence and in the name of God, who is called upon by the minister to witness (as well as the company present) to the contract, it is nearly, if not quite, of equal dignity and force with any oath that words can frame; and the breach of it may reasonably enough be called perjury. And *this* is the guilt which I said Clarissa would have been involved in by obeying this command of her parents; for as to any danger which could follow of her breaking the other part of her vow, that of *keeping only to the man she marries, forsaking all other,* it never entered into my thoughts; nor ever could, whilst the woman in my view was a Clarissa, or even one infinitely short of Clarissa's excellence. Yet this I believe, that being married to a hated object, does by no means secure the heart from a future im-

pression, much less can get the better of one which has taken root before-hand; and this, though it does not endanger the *virtue* of a well-principled woman, greatly adds to her *unhappiness*; and though a *prudent woman* would no doubt use her *best endeavours* to avoid or subdue such an impression, yet I am not quite sure that those endeavours will *always succeed.* But enough of this is said; if a marriage with a man I hate would be criminal, it would be of course unhappy; and even were it innocent, it is so *very unhappy*, that for my own part I think the sacrifice of my life would seem a trifle in the comparison. I still think that it would be less cruel in my parent to command my death, (were this power allowed him by the laws, as it was amongst the Romans) than to exact this instance of my obedience. And as our happiness or unhappiness must depend on our own notions and apprehensions of it, as the same circumstance which might possibly produce the idea of *pleasure* in my father, might produce that of *pain* in me, according to our different sensations; no one, however superior

in experience and judgment, should be too confident in judging what will or what will not conduce to the happiness of another—since it is the same thing to me whether I am made miserable by the force of my imagination, or by the necessary operation of outward circumstances; the effect is still the same; *I am unhappy* whether my father or mother would have been so in my situation or not.

You object to the words "*bid her* destroy "all the peace and happiness of her life, and "*commanded* to give up her innocence, &c." 'Tis true as you say the Harlowes did not use those expressions; *they bade her be rich*, and consequently, in their opinion, *happy*; they (in effect) bade her regard no oaths, no vows, when money was to be got; for *they* would, I suppose, have done so in her case. They bade her not expect felicity in the smiles of innocence, the peace, the health of virtue, the rational pleasures of well-grounded mutual love;

" Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
" Ineffable, and sympathy of soul,
" Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
" With boundless confidence"—

but in the consciousness of being *rich;* in the envy of fools, in the arrogance of plenty, in the *hopes* of surviving her husband, and of being the *richer* for his *poverty of soul.* These, I suppose, were the Harlowe's ideas of happiness. But why were they not satisfied with thinking and acting in this manner for *themselves?* If *they* preferred money to every thing else, let them pursue it, through all the bogs and quagmires which they find in their way to it. But why should they drag *Clarissa* after them? who, not having their desires, had no reason to engage in their pursuits; they must know enough of her mind to know that avarice was not *her* predominant passion, though it was *theirs;* they must know that *she* did not think money the *one thing needful,* though they did. And *whose* happiness were they to provide for? *whose* soul was to be bound in league with Solmes?

and *who* was to take the charge of a vow, and to answer for the performance of it? You ask me, in the former part of your letter, "Who is to be the judge in nice or dubious "cases, the parent or the child?" It should seem that this was a dubious case, since it was strenuously disputed, and the opinions of the parents and the child were directly opposite. If you ask the question with regard to such a case as this, I readily answer, the child; because it is the *child's* happiness, and the *child's* conscience only which are concerned; for no advantage or pleasure could have accrued to *them* by her submitting in this point, in any degree porportionable to the disadvantages and pains which *she* must have suffered by such a submission. Therefore as it was not a struggle for a point which equally concerned them both, but the affair of the *child* principally, if not solely, she it is that must decide; and all that they had a right to in this case was to offer their reasons and advice, and if they had not force enough to conquer her objections, and convince her reason, the final determination must be left to her.

But after all, I grant that the opinion of the parents that what they commanded was for the good of the child, *does lessen their guilt*, though the effect is the same with regard to *her*. If my parent is mad, and gives me poison for food, though I am affectually *killed*, yet my parent is not guilty of *murder*. And thus much I will allow to the Harlowe father and mother, that when they bade her be *guilty* and *miserable*, they did not understand the import of their words, and thought they bade her be happy. And this, though it aggravates their *absurdity*, lessens their *guilt*: though I cannot help suspecting that, blind and infatuated as they were, they did not wholly regard the happiness of their child in this match. The vanity of having it said that *their daughter* was nobly provided for, or the distant prospect of some lucre to *themselves*, or to their *other* children, must have determined them in their obstinacy. And this the father himself confesses, when he says, *he had rather have no child in her, than one he could not dispose of for her* OWN *good, and the good of his* WHOLE FAMILY. In which I presume

he includes *himself*. And I shall always suspect this to be *one*, if not a principal motive with all parents who act as he did.

I must likewise retract from the force of these words: "*A guilt* that would *drag her* "*into perdition.*" This I own is expressed with too much warmth; for there is no single act of sin, of which *we* should dare to say that it will drag a person into *perdition*. And you were greatly in the right, my good, my kind instructor, to reprove me for this presumption. I only *meant* (however my impetuosity might hurry me to chuse the most forcible words which occurred to me, without considering their full import, and this is too often my fault) that it was an act, which would have been offensive to the Almighty, and drawn on her his displeasure: a displeasure, which, however, would no doubt have been very much mitigated by the terrors and persecutions which had driven her to it, and which repentance would certainly have appeased. "Clarissa, as Mr. Jeoffrey justly "observes, dies a martyr to her chastity, and

"to the cruelty of her relations, and her "lover." Her trials were so great, that had she failed in any of them, she would have been greatly to be pitied; and who knows how far excused in the sight of God? But yet there are some things to be considered, besides what I have already mentioned, which aggravate the guilt of such marriages. Remember, dear sir, that the minister before he joins the pair, requires them, "As they shall answer it "at the dreadful day of judgment, to confess "if they know any impediment; and bids "them be assured that so many as are coupled "together otherwise than God's word doth al- "low, are not joined together by God, nei- "ther is their marriage lawful."

Is not hatred on one side an *impediment?* And can those be joined together by God, or agreeably to his word, who marry, not for any of the reasons set forth in the service, but merely to gratify the avarice of their parents, or their own: not to live together in love, to love each other as themselves, but to loath and despise each other?

If a marriage then is made on such bad inducements, and with such bad views,

——"If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' *harlot*, not his *wife*."

Give me leave now to thank you, my dear sir, for those excellent passages out of Clarissa, which you have quoted, and which contain maxims that do indeed, savour of the divine spirit, but which I hope are not inconsistent with those advanced by me. I admire and love your Clarissa (do you think I don't?) as much as yourself can do, for that meekness of temper which she joined to the most heroic magnanimity, and that noble generosity, which enables her to plead so disinterestedly for her cruel relations against herself. And I agree with you that this constant readiness to accuse herself, rather than others, is a proof of the excellence of her nature.

It is characteristical in her to remember with remorse those slight faults, (if faults at all; for, considering her motives, that is a

doubt with me) which were the first steps to her worldly ruin. So driven by her relentless friends as she was, rejected by the ungenerous Mrs. Howe, and by all her own relations, I see not, for my part, that she had any other way to escape the dreaded marriage than that which she took, (against her will, even that) dangerous as it was, and fatal as it proved. Therefore the consequences of it were to be imputed not to this step only, but to the cruelty of her relations, which forced her to it.

In my opinion, she had very little reason to blame herself for what she did; however, it is doubtless very natural for such a heart as hers to suspect itself, and to dwell on the thought of what she believed a faulty action. But could even *she*, with all her scrupulousness, and fear of offending, think it *so faulty*, as to doubt whether it were not necessary in support of the paternal authority, that the first part of her father's brutal curse should be accomplished?

And do not you yourself, my dear sir, *seem* to give a great deal of weight to this curse, and to think Clarissa's dread of it *not altogether weakness*, when you make Miss Howe, who is arguing against her fears, say, " I have " as great apprehensions as *you* of the weight " of a parent's curse." And when you say that in a case where the parent's conduct had been altogether justifiable, and the child quite inexcusable, you " could suppose the father's " voice," calling down distress and misery on his child, " the voice of God ?"

I think a father who can be capable of solemnly imprecating divine vengeance on his child, has very little title to be looked upon in this awful light.

Nor does the instance you give of the accomplishment of Isaac's blessing to his son, (an instance of *blessing*, and not of *cursing*) at all convince me of the efficacy of such unholy petitions. Though " the prayer of a " righteous man availeth much," the imprecations of an enraged and unnatural father

can have no other effect than to bring down vengeance on his own head.

But besides the great difference between blessing and cursing, I suppose that this blessing of Isaac's was more properly a prophecy, which he *ignoranthy spake* to that son, for whom God intended superior honours, supposing it to be his other son, Esau; for if we ascribe this prophecy to the efficacy of Isaac's prayers, the blessing belonged to Esau for whom his father intended it; for God regards the *intention*, and not the *words* of a petition; and would not have taken advantage of the blindness of the old man's eyes, to answer his prayers otherwise than he desired or intended. "Besides* this prediction regards rather the "posterity of Jacob and Esau than them- "selves, and was not fulfilled in their own "persons: Esau was never subject to Jacob, "but lived apart in Mount Seir, where he "founded a distinct people and government, "and was himself prince over them, as much

* Locke on government.

" as Jacob was in his own family; and Jacob
" several times calls Esau Lord, and him-
" self his servant, and bowed himself seven
" times to the ground to Esau."

I own I cannot see how this instance from scripture can be applied to the case before us, for the reasons I have given.

But though I think Clarissa had not the least shadow of reason to fear that her father's curse would be prevalent with God, yet I allow that it would have been unnatural in her character not to be shocked at it, to the last degree; particularly for her father's own sake.

She had indeed reason to fear that he had drawn on himself divine displeasure, and this concern for his eternal welfare and worldly fame, who had none for hers, is a most noble, and amiable grief, worthy of Clarissa, worthy of a christian.

I entirely approve of every step she took to

move him to withdraw this curse; but I could have wished that it could have been done with less pain to her own heart, and that her fears should have been alarmed for *him*, for the guilty and unnatural imprecator only, and not for her innocent self, who had the justest reason to depend on that favour and mercy from the Supreme Being, which he has promised to those who love him, and desire to please him.

I would not have her reason upon false principles, as I think she does, when she calls herself a *wretch devoted*; and adds "How can "it be otherwise? If a parent's curses have "the weight I always attributed to them, and "have heard so many instances of their being "followed by?"

However, as you impute *all* this fear to the weakness and dejection of her *spirits*, rather than to any error in judgment or principles, I have no more to say. If this is made clear, her unreasonable apprehensions cannot give any just handle to those whose interest it is to

depreciate the worth of religious characters, and to endeavour to find out absurdities in their principles, to accuse her of superstition, and from thence to call in question the foundation of her other virtues.

And let me have your pardon, dear sir, for having drawn this unjust conclusion from an unjust supposition, that you did not mean to ascribe *all* her terror to infirmity, but to make her an example of filial duty and reverence, by this proof of an uncommon, and I think unreasonable apprehension of paternal power, as well as by the other instances she gives of an almost implicit deference to the authority of her parents. For though you do indeed put into the mouth of Miss Howe some consolatory arguments, yet they seem not to have any great weight with Clarissa, since she afterwards gives way to the same fears and terrors which Miss Howe endeavours to cure her of. So that I apprehend they were owing rather to an habitual and fixed prejudice, than to occasional weakness and vapourishness. You tell me you have in the new edition

strengthened these arguments of Miss Howe's, and that you gave Clarissa this weakness to keep up the probability of a human character; therefore it is plain that I misapprehended your design herein, for which I once more ask pardon.

Let me now renew my thanks to you, good sir, for that most excellent paragraph in the conclusion of your letter, in which you set forth the advantages of religion. "Happy is "the man who lives to his own conscience; "and who regards the opinion of the world "but as a secondary consideration! He always "will have the *right-tested* virtue, who, if he "errs, errs against his own interests, and is "readier in a nice or doubtful case to give "the turn of the scale in his own disfavour "than favour." These are words which I will lay up in my heart, and which I hope will not fail to present themselves to my memory in all nice or doubtful cases which may occur in the course of my life.

I am frighted to see what a quantity I have

written. You bid me not spare you, and I have not indeed been sparing of your patience, which I fear I have quite exhausted. But forgive me, and as a proof that you do so, let me have the pleasure of seeing you soon; otherwise I shall think I have been too pert, and that my dear Mr. Richardson is angry with his

Ever obliged humble servant,

H. MULSO.

Nov. 10, 1750.

MISS MULSO'S THIRD LETTER

ON

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

January 3, 1750-51.

DEAR SIR,

I know not whether you will not laugh, and call me vain, when I say that I had almost resolved not to write to you again on the subject of our present correspondence, had you not so greatly obliged me, by giving to my entreaties the supplement to your last, which you had intended to keep from me; as if your taking the trouble to read what I scribble, were not a fresh obligation! Yet I cannot help expressing my gratitude in this way for your distinguishing kindness in bestowing so much time and pains on one who can so ill repay your goodness; and who for all the pride, the pleasure and improvement she has received from your friendship and correspondence, has nothing to offer you but her sincerest thanks, her best esteem, and an affection and reverence next to filial; nothing to entertain you with but the rude essays of an ignorant girl, the

unconnected sallies of a wild imagination, with but little judgment to direct or control it.

But you will wonder why I should have intended not to answer your last favour. My reason was, that I began to perceive (at least I thought I did) that we were both on the same side of the question; or rather, that we had left Bishop Hall, and Mr. Locke's first quoted paragraph, in the opposite extremities, and were advancing to meet each other in the happy medium. I therefore thought nothing remained to be done, but to sign to the article which you have already set your name to, shake hands, and lay by our weapons. But as you did not seem quite pleased with this, and as you were so good as to give up your own intentions to my importunity, it is fit that I also should give up mine; and I sit down to write, highly pleased with the thought, that I shall convince you we differ not so materially, as perhaps we at first imagined. And surely this will not be difficult after my dear Mr. Richardson has himself asserted,

that Mr. Locke, even in the very passages I have quoted, is of *his* side. I am pretty sure that Mr. Locke is on *my* side; therefore it is plain that we are all three on the *same* side. So let us even make a league in triumvirate; or, if you will, let us admit the good Bishop Fleetwood into the confederacy; for *he*, you have *owned*, is on *my side*. But pray observe I bar Bishop Hall, who would reduce me to the condition of an Indian skreen, and allow my father to item me amongst his goods and chattels, and put me up to sale for the highest bidder;—or if this pleases me not, will give me leave to call myself one of his hands (I hope it is the right hand) which is to have no direction or power of acting but what he gives it; no will, no understanding of its own; and which, if it offends him, he may *cut off and cast it from him*. Well! this was *but* a bishop, not a pope; I think the good man did not pretend to infallibility in any character but that of a *father:* so let him sleep in peace. The author of the Whole Duty of Man I likewise exclude from the treaty; and with him, all those who talk of rational beings as the

property and *possessions* of a fellow creature, like the cattle upon his estate. Algernon Sydney is admitted, who speaks of *the duty of children as arising from benefits received.*— That duty which arises from benefits received, is *gratitude.* Was it not the same Sydney who wrote on government? If so, I believe he is a good and faithful ally of mine, and I thank you for introducing him into the league.

But that I may know with certainty how far we agree or differ, will you give me leave, for once, to be a saucy girl, and catechise my adopted papa? Though indeed I do not mean to do it saucily, but really and truly for my information. For when you left it to me to make the applications, inferences, and conclusions, from all the quotations, stories, and observations you produced, you left me a task which would have been much better performed by yourself; my head is not clear enough to do it as I ought. Permit me then, my dear sir, to put it upon you to decide on the questions I am going to put: and when I have

your positive answer to these, I shall know whether we have all this while been arguing about words, and whether what Mr. Locke calls *honour*, what I called *gratitude*, and what you called *duty*, be indeed the same thing or not.

I grant that Mr. Locke's and your observation is very likely to be true, that parents in *general* are not apt to exceed on the severe side. But yet there are some instances (and those not so few as to be deemed prodigies) of inhuman and unnatural parents. Question. What must *their* children do, if "the want "of duty on one side, justifies not the non-"performance of it on the other, where there "is a reciprocal duty?" Must they then pay the same obedience to cruel tyrants as they would do to kind and indulgent parents? If so, what advantage would *they* reap from living in a free country, if there is no remedy against domestic tyrants? if conscience shall tie up a child from seeking redress against injurious parents?—In your first letter you ask, "Shall "the child think itself at liberty, whenever it

" is *disobliged*, to disobey, or the subject to " rebel?" But give me leave to state the question in words a little stronger than this equivocal expression, *disobliged*; and to ask you, whether the child, (I speak now of children in the state of freedom, that is, at the age of reason) when *injured*, when *cruelly* and *inhumanly* treated, when *deprived of its natural rights, and reduced to a state of slavery*, is not *then* at liberty to disobey, or the subject to rebel? If not, I see not what check can be put to injustice and cruelty, crimes which are almost the inseparable consequence of despotic power, which is so ill suited to the nature of man, that it seldom fails to intoxicate him, and overturn his reason and virtue.

> ————Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n,
> As make the angels weep.

" But," say you, " suppose the parent or the " king exert his authority to the grievance of

"the child, or the subject; who is to be judge "of the reasonableness or unreasonableness "of the exertion?" The measures of the king's authority are in this country I believe more exactly settled, and may be more precisely known than those of the parent's, which are left a good deal to human reason to wrangle about; nor are the exact bounds of this authority settled by written and positive laws, to which both the parent and the child may refer in particular cases. Therefore, if the point between them be not such as mankind in general are agreed about, or which the law decides, it seems to me, that the interposition of some unbiassed persons is then necessary. For if, in dubious cases, the parent is always to determine the fit or the unfit, he being interested as well as the child, it is easy to see that there is little justice to be hoped for, for the latter; and it would be more unreasonable, that the child should decide, on a point which equally concerned them both; although (as I have said, and as you have granted) those cases in which the child's conscience and happiness are *principally*, if not

solely concerned, should be left to the decision of the child. But this is one question which I would refer back to you for an answer, viz. who is to be judge in points contestible, of the reasonableness, or unreasonableness of the exertion of the parent's authority?

There is no hardship in obeying the just, the wise, and good: *absolute* POWER in the hands of such (if it did not corrupt their virtue, which it too often does), would be an advantage and happiness to those who should submit to it. But what miseries may not great power produce in the hands of bad men! The question is then, whether the bare title of father or mother, shall give to such, a right to make their children miserable for life? And if not, what kind or degree of duty is owing to such, and on what grounds?

If women, as daughters or wives, must necessarily be in a state of subjection and dependency, if they can have no creditable place of refuge or residence but the houses

of their parents whilst unmarried, quere, whether Miss B—s, whose mother used frequently to strike them down on the floor, and then trample on them; whose maid servants have fainted away at the sight of the cruelties she exercised on her grown-up daughters, without provocation, whether, I say, these young women would not have had a right, in case any kind friend had given or left them an independent fortune, to have left their mother, and lived by themselves, or where they pleased? and whether the world, with all its malice, would have blamed them for so doing? Whether Miss W. whose father, though he had an easy fortune, and she was his only child, denied her common necessaries, so that, when she was thirty years old, she has been obliged to a friend for food and raiment, though she lived in her father's house, whether she might not, had it been in her power, have lived separate from her father, and disclaimed his authority? Whether Miss —— (that intimate friend of mine whose Yahoo parents I mentioned in my last) who from the age of fifteen (when she left her grandfather who

educated her) till three or four and twenty, when by the death of a friend she gained an independent fortune, never knew one happy hour from the unheard-of cruelties of her father and mother, was not in the right, on being mistress of this fortune, to leave her mother (her father being then dead) and take lodgings for herself in a reputable family, though by it she has drawn on herself so great anger, that her mother will not see her? And whether she has any reason to be uneasy on recollecting the innumerable curses and solemn imprecations, which that vile woman frequently loaded her with, on the slightest or on no provocations? Whether this wicked mother has not forfeited all right in her daughter, by the various injuries and cruelties she has always persisted to heap on her, since she left her grandfather's to live with her? Or whether the bare name of mother, the obligation of bringing her into the world, which is an involuntary obligation, (for she owed not her education and support to the age of fifteen to her,) is to preponderate all the injuries she has endured from her? Whether the duty of

a child, arising from benefits received, is not in this case entirely cancelled, and the child at liberty to dispose of herself, her property, and all her actions as freely as if she were an orphan? I doubt not but these horrid instances of cruelty in parents will seem to you as inconceivable, and almost incredible, as the behaviour of some of those daughters whose stories you told me, did to me; but since we have the mortification to know that there are such monsters to disgrace human nature in the form of men and women, it is necessary, before we lay down a rule that no want of duty on the parent's side can dispense with that of the child, to consider what must be the consequence of it to the unhappy children of such parents as I have mentioned. Instances of the like nature come within every one's particular knowledge; and if I knew as much of the world as you, perhaps I should be able to produce as long and as black a catalogue of parents as you have done of children.

But these cases shew of what consequence it is to have this point settled, whether the

duty of honour, which is *perpetual*, and which Bishop Fleetwood explains as including *love*, *respect*, OBEDIENCE, *succour* and *support*, be owing to the bare title of father or mother, or to those great and unreturnable benefits, which good parents (even tolerably good parents) confer on their children? If you will allow that it is owing only to the latter, I too have allowed that filial gratitude obliges children to the same submission to the will of their parents, when grown up, as in their infant years; in all cases, except where a higher duty interferes, or where the sacrifice they are expected to make is greater than any degree of gratitude can require. And as one case, (and that the most general and common case wherein parents and children differ) where a higher duty *does* interfere, and where the sacrifice expected *is* greater than any degree of gratitude can require, I instanced that of marriage with a hated object: (if I had said an indifferent one, I think I should not have gone too far;) which is contrary to our duty to God, to a husband, and to ourselves; and which would disturb, if not destroy, the happiness of

the child's whole life. You agree with me in thinking that parents have no right to force a child to marry against inclination; that where this is attempted, children have a right to resist, and to use every method their own prudence can suggest to get out of their parents' power; in short, to disclaim an authority which is made use of, not according to its true end, &c. This YOU have agreed to; and *I* on the other hand have agreed to the parent's negative; and shall do it with still more pleasure, if the law you have laid down be allowed the weight it ought to have with all parents, that (at any time of the child's life from eighteen to thirty and upwards) the parents shall not, unless they can give superior reasons, refuse their consent to a child who, by her wisdom, prudence, discretion, justifies unexceptionably her passion for a particular object. This is a kind and indulgent law, my dear sir, I wish with all my heart all parents would submit to it, and *our* Bishop Fleetwood recommends this to them with great humanity.

"If there be reason," says he, "that young "people should be left in any thing to them- "selves, and to their own liberty, it seems to "be in the choice of those with whom they "are to live and die, with whom they are to "venture being happy or unhappy all their "days, it is, without doubt, in nothing so ne- "cessary as in marriage."

P. 243. He declares himself in strong terms against a man's marrying without a previous affection, and says *he cannot answer it to God.* And speaking of the father, justly observes, that no one can have authority to make an innocent person miserable.

But whilst fathers are taught by Bishop Hall, (I don't love that Bishop Hall, why did you quote him?) and the author of the Whole Duty of Man, to consider their children as their *goods and chattels*, things which they have as much right to dispose of as their own limbs, they will hardly chuse to have their power limited by the wisdom and discretion of their children, and to be obliged to give superior reasons

whenever they contradict their inclinations.—Reasons are things which absolute monarchs seldom care to be troubled with; and the petty tyrants of families, as well as those of nations, have seldom a high opinion of the wisdom of their dependants, and would be apt to answer the reasons of a child as I have heard an imperious master answer the excuses of a servant, "You thought! how *dare* you *think?* Do I keep you *to think?*"

But here I cannot help noticing a little what follows this mild and just law of my dear Mr. Richardson's in behalf of children. "Dare "you, madam, for the generality of the "*hastys*, the *impatients*, the IMPETUOUS, "abide by this test?" Oh, woe is me! if I am to answer for all the *hastys*, the *impatients*, the *impetuous!* because I once called myself impetuous in my expressions, and ventured to own a suspicion that tyranny and oppression might have roused in me a spirit of rebellion, (I should rather have said of *brave and laudable resistance;* I believe I meant a *brag* rather than a *confession:*) here am I on a sudden

placed at the head of a *regiment of hastys, impatients*, and *impetuous*; but indeed I like not the *regimentals*; for I think you have presented me with a set of Amazonian soldiers, all drest in flame-coloured taffety, expert in leaping windows, or scaling walls, but whose conduct is by no means equal to their courage, in which last quality they do indeed exceed Thalestris herself, that famous female warrior who travelled so far to pay a kind visit to Alexander the Great. Chuse therefore, I beseech you, some veteran widow to lead the hardy troops; for I find myself intimidated by your challenge, and absolutely unqualified for the command.

Now, my dear sir, call me Anna Howe, for now I deserve it. But you must give me leave to be a little pert and saucy sometimes; especially when a stroke I did not deserve furnishes me with something like an excuse for it.

In the next paragraph you tell me I am "the greatest friend young fellows ever had;

" yet intend honour to my sex all the while." And why is this? because you will suppose me pleading for the flame-coloured regiment, and denying parents their negative; in short, making " poor parents nothing at all;" as you tell me in another place. Surely I express myself very unintelligibly! or how could my meaning have been so much mistaken? When I have declared that in my opinion even life itself is hardly too great a sacrifice to make to those to whom we owe life; that we are bound to the same submission after we are grown up, by gratitude, as in childhood, by our ignorance and inability to guide our own actions; excepting only those cases where conscience and reason forbid us to comply;—when I had expressly said that in the particular case of marriage I only insisted on a negative for the child, and allowed that gratitude, or the duty of honouring parents (which Mr. Locke says is perpetual, from which no state, no freedom can absolve children) forbids them to dispose of themselves without consent, unless they had first cast them out of their protection, or, by

abusing their authority, given the children a right to disclaim it. When Mr. Locke so plainly declares that children are by the laws of God and Nature tied up all their lives from doing any thing that may ever injure or affront, disturb or endanger the happiness, or life, of those to whom they owe their own; and when such matches as you speak of do so evidently *disgrace, affront, injure,* and *disturb* an indulgent father; whose whole happiness was perhaps centred in one darling child; permit me to wonder a little that I should be understood to plead for such! That the *Calista-spirited girls* should be so much aided by the consequences of my doctrine! Poor Mr. Locke, who is called PUZZLING LOCKE, would, I doubt not, have answered just as you would have him, had the stories you relate been fairly represented to him, and would have joined with me to condemn the shameless runaways as guilty of the blackest ingratitude, and breach of that duty, which, as Clarissa observes, is anterior to all others, except those we owe to the Supreme Being. He could not mean to advance a doctrine contrary to

the express commands of God, (for he believed the revealed religion) and to the sentiments and practice of all good people in all nations and all ages. He could not mean, nor could your child mean, to make "poor parents nothing at all," nor to justify those who "have set light by father and mother." —I own that the first paragraph I quoted from him is carelessly expressed; and indeed, as far as I can judge, he seldom picks and chuses his expressions, and seems not at all to pique himself on a style in any of his works that I have seen. Strength of thought and clear reasoning, were, I thought, his peculiar excellencies; and *ours* is, I believe, the first cause he ever *puzzled*. However, upon the whole of his chapter on paternal power, or even of those passages I transcribed, I think it is plain that he only means to distinguish between the father's power during minority, and that which he is entitled to as the greatest benefactor all his life. The first of these is absolute, or limited only by the laws of the society; the child being incapable of directing his own actions, or of having any will of

his own, his obedience must be implicit: but as his reason increases, he gains a right to examine the commands of his parents, and is to submit to such only as his reason and conscience direct him to submit to; and if his parents usurp upon his natural rights, and oblige him to do what is unlawful, or destructive of his own happiness and good, he may resist, and defend himself from their tyranny by all lawful means. "The same reason," says Sydney of government "which obliges a child "to submit *entirely* to the will of his parents "when he is ignorant of all things, does *per-* "*mit*, and often *enjoin* persons of ripe age to "*examine* the commands of their parents *be-* "*fore* they obey them."

The following passage, translated from Grotius, was given me by a common friend of ours, himself a father, but who, nevertheless, carries his notions of the liberty of children farther than I think reasonable; and against whom I have argued on the side of parents. *He* does not think me desirous of reducing poor parents to nothing at all.

"Children may be ranged under three "heads, the first are endued with imperfect "judgment, as Aristotle terms it, and have no "choice of their own. The second class are "such as have perfect judgment, but are part "of their parents' family. And the third, of "such as are separated from it. All the ac- "tions of the former of these are controllable "by their parents; for it is but just, that "those who cannot govern themselves, should "be governed by others; and who can so na- "turally govern them as their parents? In the "second season, when the judgment is ma- "tured by age, none of their actions are con- "trollable by their parents, but such as imme- "diately regard their parents' family; for it "is but reasonable that a *part* should be sub- "servient to the *whole*. But in every thing "else, the children have then a liberty or mo- "ral power of acting. They ought indeed "to study to please their parents, but this is "not required of them by any moral obliga- "tion, but by the common principles of *duty* "and *gratitude*. In the third season, the "children are in every particular their own

"masters, always observing the principles "above mentioned, whose obligation is per- "petual."

There seems to me to be some confusion in the expressions of this passage, for I know not what distinction is meant between *moral obligation* and the *principles of duty and gratitude.* However, upon the whole, I understand from this passage that Grotius is of the same opinion with Locke with regard to the different rights of the father; the right of tuition, during minority, and the right of honour all his life, which last right seems to be founded on the title of *benefactor*, and the duty of the child to arise from *benefits received*, or in other words from the *principle of gratitude*, and not from any natural *superiority* of the father over the son, since both are naturally *free* at the age of reason; (God having given man an understanding to direct his actions, has annexed a liberty of acting as properly belonging thereto,) and since in the case of a child neglected and exposed by its parents, all its duty would be transferred to the cha-

ritable hand which nourished and preserved it.

But I cannot help transcribing a passage from Puffendorff, which I am furnished with from the same hand, because it clearly and exactly expresses *my* sentiments, and because I flatter myself it does not differ much from yours. Perhaps we shall both subscribe to this, which will entirely finish our debate.

" The parental authority, strictly consider-
" ed, should vary according to their children's
" different ages. In their infancy, when they
" have not attained the perfect use of their
" reason, all their actions should be directed
" by their parents. When they are of riper
" years, but still remain in their parent's fa-
" mily, a distinction should be made between
" that authority the father has, as such, and
" what he has as master of the family. But
" when the child has left his parents, and
" gained a family of his own, or lives in ano-
" ther, the parental authority is then dissolv-
" ed, though there always remains a debt of

" duty and regard. But as the father cannot
" turn his children out of his family without
" the strongest reasons whilst they are in want
" of his assistance, so they cannot leave it
" without their father's consent. But since
" the children have often occasion to leave it
" on account of marriage, and the father is
" concerned in their alliances, *The filial*
" *duty plainly requires that they should take*
" *their parents' advice, and not marry contra-*
" *ry to it.* But if they do, it is not by the
" law of nature void, especially if they are no
" longer a burthen to their father's family,
" and if the alliance is otherwise advanta-
" geous.

" The parental duty chiefly consists in pro-
" perly educating their children, and so in-
" structing and forming their minds and bo-
" dies as to render them fit and useful mem-
" bers of society, and worthy and moral men.
" They should also bring them up to some
" honest profession, and as far as they are
" able lay the foundation of, and improve
" their fortunes.

"The filial duty consists in honouring their "parents; that is, by testifying their regard "not only in outward tokens, but rather by "inwardly esteeming them as the authors of "their being, and all the blessings that attend "it; in obeying them, in relieving them to "the utmost extent of their abilities, especially "if they labour under age or poverty; in un- "dertaking nothing of importance without "their advice and consent; and finally bear- "ing with their infirmities, or, if they have "any, with their vices."

I am ready to subscribe to all that Puffendorff here says, with *this proviso*, that the *filial duty*, as here explained, be owing only to such as perform the *parental duty*; for with regard to such as do not, I am of the opinion of the author of the Preceptor, which I am told is an excellent book.

"But if," says he, "any parent should be "so inhuman as to consider and treat his chil- "dren like his other goods and chattels, "surely whenever they *dare*, they *may* resist,

" and whenever they *can*, shake off that unna-
" tural yoke, and be free with that liberty
" with which God and nature invested them."

What say you, my dear sir? Will you subscribe and admit my proviso?

But it is necessary I should say something in justification of my inference from Mr. Locke's arguments in favour of daughters as well as sons, which you object to. I allow the force of all those considerations which you have laid before me; nor have I aught to object to the truth of any one of them except the last. " That a woman, either as daughter or " wife, never can be in a state of indepen-
" dency." Women seldom are in a state of independency; but if they have independent fortunes, which sometimes happens in their parents' life time, and if their parents, by unjust treatment (as in the cases I mentioned) have forfeited their right in them, they *then may be* in a state of independency. But admitting the truth of all your other considerations, I presume to think that they do not overturn

my assertion, that the son and the daughter are bound by the same duty to their parents, and that natural liberty arising from reason, it can never be proved that women have not a right to it, unless it can be proved that they are not capable of knowing the law they are under. And whatever difference particular circumstances, or the customs of the world, may make, these destroy not a *general truth*, that *women*, as rational and accountable beings, are free agents as well as *men*. And with respect to daughters, there is no law, either natural or revealed, which makes any difference between the obedience due from them, and from the male children. Therefore, whatever superiority men may claim, (and I do not intend to dispute it with them) with regard to this duty, *as a duty*, we are upon a *par*; although the customs of the world make the breach of it more fatal in its consequences to the daughter than to the son. The rules of the world being made by *men*, are always more severe on *women* than on themselves, insomuch that as you observe, "perpetrated "crimes in a man hurt not his reputation in the

"world's eye half so effectually as imprudences "in a woman." Indeed I don't know that any crimes except cowardice and stealing, (stealing of *money* I mean, stealing of daughters or wives is nothing;) disqualify a man from being received into all companies, and living with credit in the world. But though men's ways are unequal, the ways of God are equal, and with him *even women* shall find justice.

"But however grievous it may be to the "*meek* and *modest* dear souls, (very well Mr. "Richardson!) God and Nature," say you, "make women dependent on the parent, as "we have seen; and the law of God and their "own choice and consent make them depen- "dent on their husbands."—This last is certainly true, and that which is the effect of our own choice or consent, we can have no great right to complain of: and you will be pleased to remember that when I spoke with such disdain of the mean wretch of a husband, strutting about full of the sense of his new prerogatives, and puffed up almost to bursting, with the pride of having a creature every

way his superior in his power, and bound to obey him, I suppose this match *not* the effect of the lady's own choice; I supposed *her* a *Clarissa*, and *him* a *Solmes*; and surely then it was not too presumptuous to call her his *superior*; surely it may be granted us, that one of the *best* of *women* may be superior to one of the *worst* and *lowest of men*; since I have heard it affirmed, that the wisest of *brutes* have more understanding than the weakest and silliest of men.—But with regard to parents, I own I do not see that *God* and *nature* have made daughters *more* dependent on them than sons. Custom indeed allows not the daughters of people of fashion to leave their father's family to seek their own subsistence, and there is no way for them to gain a creditable livelihood, as gentlemen may. But amongst the lower ranks of people, daughters are as soon independent as sons. The girls and boys are alike sent out to provide for themselves. Now the laws of God and nature are the same with regard to all conditions and anks of people. Therefore this is a poof that nature makes no such difference between sons and daugh-

ters; and I have never heard of any divine law which imposes on daughters any duty to parents which is not equally imposed on sons. It is moreover observable, that the duty is equal to *both* parents; so that the mother, though a female, has as much right to the obedience of her son as the father; and this shews, that the duty arises not from any natural superiority of the parents over the children, but from those benefits they have conferred on them.

"Ye shall fear every man his *mother* and "his father." Lev. xix. 3. Is it not strange though, that the Lord of the creation should be commanded to *fear* a *woman?*

With regard to the other texts of scripture you have cited, I am sure I never meant, and I humbly presume Mr. Locke never meant, to maintain a doctrine contradictory to them. (Don't you cry hum! now.) Many of them plainly relate to minors only, as where they mention *the rod*, and chastening their sons; for I am sure you will not allow that a man should be *beaten*. For the rest, which command *obedience* to parents, they can only be

understood to mean a *reasonable* obedience; such as is consistent with the liberty of a rational creature.—But there is one text which makes me wish to understand Hebrew; and that is the advice of the wise man, "Shew "not thyself *cheerful* towards thy daughters." Methinks I have a great curiosity to know what that word is in the original, which is here translated cheerful. If it indeed means the same thing, I must say that it is a true *Eastern* precept. But the consequences of it, in this part of the world, would, I imagine, be such as no wise man would wish for. If the parent will not shew himself cheerful before his daughters, of course they will not dare to be cheerful before him. They will therefore shun and fly from his presence, and never think themselves happy but when they are out of his sight; for who can be easy under perpetual restrain? They will be so far from considering him as their best friend, from opening their hearts to him, and trusting him with their most secret wishes and designs, that they will not dare to declare any one sentiment or opinion before him, and he will be

more a stranger to their minds than any one person of their acquaintance. How then shall his counsel direct them, his experience inform them, or his virtue mend their hearts? They will indeed consider him with awe and fear; but who would wish to be observed from fear alone, who knows how much more assiduous and ready are the services of love! The fear of offending, and the desire of pleasing, are the inseparable attendants of love; but servile fear, and distant awe, will always chill the warmth of affection, and produce a constrained and painful submission. He may confine their bodies; but the free soul will be out of his power, which only love and gratitude can bind. These sentiments, dear sir, I know are your own. You could not possibly suppose, (although you took the pains to justify yourself from it) that I could ever suspect you of being capable of tyranny; have I not said that tyranny is the triumph of low minds? it can never therefore be yours. It is the privilege of the good, to establish their empire in the hearts of their dependents; this is the triumph of my dear Mr. Richardson;

and then indeed does his excellent heart exult, when he sees every one the happier and better for their connexion with him!—I am sure you did not mean to recommend severe restraint, unless to shameless daughters only. Such as the abandoned Lady V——, the wretched Delia, the *delicate* lady, who threatens her father that she will marry the first shoe-boy she meets, and the rest of the *flame-coloured taffety nymphs*, who do so much *honour* to the *fair sex*.

But you are very angry, my dear sir, with your child, for speaking so freely of the maxims of the generality of parents with regard to what they call *disposing* of their children; very angry indeed!—And you tell me that it is *far, very far* otherwise. I must therefore have *dreamt* that the prudent part of the world generally consider fortune much more than any thing else, in the matches they provide for their children. I must have *dreamt*, (for I did not invent it) that those marriages which are made up by the parents are *generally* (amongst people of quality or great fortune,)

mere Smithfield bargains, so much ready money for so much land, and my daughter flung in into the bargain! I must have been asleep, when I fancied I heard experienced people talk of an honourable engagement with a person of small fortune, however worthy, however suitable by birth, merit, and temper, as *madness and folly*; and those young women applauded as miracles of discretion and wisdom, who have sacrificed themselves to a fool or knave with a good estate. I took it into my head, I can't tell why, that fathers and mothers, now-a-days, frequently dressed out their daughters, and sent them into public places, with an appearance of five times the fortune they could give them, in hopes that they might catch—what?—Not a man of sense and worth, who should make them happier and better, but a fool, a rich fool; for their baits are calculated only for such gudgeons; no other can they hope to take. But you know infinitely more of the world than I, for little of this great world have I seen; and may be I was mistaken when I thought that parents in *general*, (at least amongst the rich

and great) consulted not their children's inclinations, or their *real* happiness in marriage, but sought to procure them the goods of fortune only. I thought this was the way of thinking of the generality of parents; and I thought it an absurd, a base and sordid way of thinking. Nor was I so warm upon the subject from any selfish bias; *I* never was under any engagement of this kind; nor if I had, should I have found any such sordid way of thinking in my excellent father, as is evident from his conduct towards his other children. But how few parents act like him!—I beg your pardon, you say the generality do; I am not then so peculiarly blest as I thought I was, and I rejoice to hear that the world is so much wiser and better than I took it to be.

But you argue from the natural tenderness which is implanted in mankind towards their offspring. I am far from believing that every parent who thus *disposes* of his child with a view of raising her fortune, *wants* this natural tenderness; on the contrary, their mistaken zeal to promote a wretched match for her,

often proceeds from that very tenderness and love. But you must give me leave to think those people absurd, though not unnatural, who propose to establish the happiness of their children on so bad a foundation. Nor will I confine this mercenary turn of mind to the parents only; it sometimes infects the children too, and the young folks sometimes enter very willingly into the dirty scheme of selling themselves. Indeed there seem to be two sorts of marriages now in vogue: one is the prudent bargain of so many acres for so many pounds, and a *separate maintenance* secured. The other is Hymen himself in his *flame-coloured robe*, who with his torch, *or link*, lights the adventurous damsel out of the window into the post-chaise; she, whose gentle heart has been struck quite through, by an arrow which flew from *that half* of her lover's right eye, which was visible under his hat and feather.—Which of these two methods of marrying is most likely to produce happiness, I don't know; let those who have tried both, determine. But methinks if it could be brought into fashion to chuse for merit, and to make

matches of souls, we should not hear of so many wives that swear the peace against their husbands, nor of so many husbands that sue for divorces and damages. But this, as the world goes now, is a project as wild as those of the philosophers of Laputa, and nobody but a romantic girl would ever have thought of it.

I think Mrs. Howe's reasoning very just, and very sensible with regard to such love as she speaks of, the blazing, sputtering, crackling flame, which is founded on mere notional excellencies, or on a first-sighted impression. Shakspeare makes one of his characters say

"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

But I fancy it might with more propriety be asked, Who ever loved, in the best sense of the word, that *did* love at first sight? Wherever I have mentioned love with any degree of respect, I suppose I need not say that I meant such a love as is founded on friendship, and which is very far from being a *sneaking*

selfish, sordid passion; since in my notion, as well as Clarissa's, no person can be justly said to love who does not prefer the happiness of the object beloved to their own. Your Clarindas, and Delias, your Sylvias, and Cœlias, your Mrs. M. and your Miss N. and the rest of the tribe, knew nothing at all of *this love;* had hearts incapable of it; nor do I believe there are many that are capable of it, although I hoped there had not been so many young ladies, modestly brought up, who were so capable of the other, the worst sort of love.

But how mortifying is the story of that lady whose excellent letter you transcribe! If such an understanding, so solid a way of thinking, could not defend her from so mean a passion, how humbling is the reflection; How greatly to be pitied is her father, who must have taken so much pride and pleasure in her! How grievous his disappointment! Happy for her mother, that she lived not to share it!—I am infinitely touched with this story, because of the uncommon character

and understanding of the lady. I will be careful of the trust you have reposed in me; you may depend upon it, it shall not be seen out of our own family.

I thank you for the story of Clarinda, so extraordinary in itself, and so movingly and beautifully told. Another mortifying instance of amazing weakness or infatuation in an otherwise admirable character! Is there no such thing now-a-days as being possessed with a demon for a time? I would fain suppose something supernatural in these two cases, which may clear human nature of the disgrace which the fall of such women would bring upon it. Is not this owing to pride? I am afraid it is; therefore I will not seek to *load* the *poor devil* with faults which do not belong to him, but endeavour to make the best use of these humiliating proofs that women are

——— "frail
"Ev'n as the glasses where they view themselves."

I am much obliged to you for all your

stories, which are very entertaining and instructive. However, you will see, from my repeated declarations that filial duty and gratitude oblige the children of *good*, or even *tolerably good* parents, not to marry without their consent, that there needed not so many shocking examples to fright me into a confession of this truth, or to convince me of the fatal consequences which attend the breach of this duty. I declare with Clarissa, that if a passion *can be* conquered, it is a sacrifice which a good child owes to an *indulgent parent!* And I make no doubt that *all* passions *can* be, if not absolutely conquered, at least restrained from breaking out into any act, that may ever *injure*, *disgrace*, or *disturb the happiness* of those to whom they owe life.

But I find myself got into the supplement before I have answered the letter; yet before I leave the *dear blue book*, I must quarrel a little with one passage in it, which I think is the only one I have to quarrel with. I always cry out when I am hurt ever so little; and perhaps you would think your strokes thrown

away upon me, if I did not let you know that I felt them.

You tell me that when I answered Clarissa's words "*at any age*," by putting the case of a single woman at *forty*, I made poor Clarissa hang down her head, and you blush: "and "truly," proceed you, "you intimated, "naughty girl as you were! that because the "*men of prey*, whom I with Clarissa likened "to *birds of prey*, did not, and could not, eat "and drink quite up, or devour these intrepid, "these venturesome girls, they had little or "nothing else to fear from them." Who was it intimated this? Who was it that put you in mind of the nonsensical pert answer of a little saucy forward minx of a girl to her careful mamma? Who could this be? Oh, I fancy it was one of the four ladies of quality that laughed at the sufferings of Clarissa, and wondered what you meant by making such a *rout* about *nothing*. Was it not one of those excellent ladies? I am sure it was not your Miss Mulso, your child. But is it thus you interpret my words, naughty Mr. Richardson?

Because I carried on your own allusion; and when you likened the men of prey to hawks, vultures, and kites, likened the dangers young women have reason to fear from them, to those of a poor little chicken, just going to be snapt up and *devoured*. "Does it therefore follow, that because these men do not eat women, there is little or nothing else to fear from them?" Did I intimate any such thing? But I forgive you, provided you never say such a thing of me again.

Well! now I have done with *quarrelling*, I will go back to the letter. Whereabouts was I? Oh dear! what shall I do now! I have opened your letter just at the place where that *sad paragraph* is, that made me cry out so before! I intended never to have read it again, that I might have forgot it. Why had not I the heart to take a penknife and scratch it out, that it might not thus have obtruded itself on my sight? Why!—Because it came from my dear Mr. Richardson, and, however severe it may appear, there is kindness under every word, and sweet instruction mixed with

the bitterness of reproof. Live then upon the paper, and upon my memory, every stroke of his pen! For there is no gall in his ink, but only precious balm, and honied drops of salutary counsel. And now let me try to extract this honey, and not be afraid of the stings of self-condemnation. "But I am "really sorry, my dear Miss Mulso, to find "you, on more occasions than one, depreciate "the understandings of parents; rein in, I "beseech you, my dear child, on these im-"portant subjects, your charming imagina-"tion." See here! He calls me *my dear child*, and is sorry for my faults! Is not this *kindness?* But *did I* depreciate the understandings of parents, AS parents? *Did I mean to cast contempt* on the *paternal character?* My heart boldly answers, NO. But did I *seem* to mean it? Mr. Richardson says yes. Well then, scratch out of my letter that vile passage, that *seemed* to mean so vile a design; *tell it not in Gath nor proclaim it in the streets of Askalon*, that your child ever wrote it, and believe not that she ever meant it. Whilst I, on the other hand, preserve, and often read

over this wholesome admonition, "Rein in, "on these important subjects, your imagina- "tion." Your wild silly imagination, you foolish girl you! How is poor Mr. Richardson discomfited! He who has been a constant advocate for *the reading and writing ladies*, how is he, by my sad example, discomfited! But here indeed, dear Sir, you have mixed a sneer with your rebukes that should not have been there, however audacious and peremptory I may have been, whatever sagacity I may have *seemed* to assume, and however contrary my doctrines may have been to truth and reason—however wanting *I* may have been in the characteristic graces of my sex, in *meekness*, *patience*, *resignation*, *submission*; let not, I beseech you, the *reading* and *writing ladies* suffer for this; *I* never was a writing lady till *you* made me one; I am far from being a reading lady; I have read very little; and half of what I have read has been romances and novels and trumpery that did me more harm than good. Let it not then, on my account, be made a doubt whether "our forefathers were not in the

" right when they bestowed so little attention " on the education of girls." Forbid it science! Forbid it justice! that the sex, and the cause of learning, should thus suffer for the faults of *one ignorant girl!* For if I have erred, you should impute it rather to my *ignorance* than knowledge. Miss Carter says, (and she is herself a proof of the truth of her assertion) 'tis certain that every accession of understanding, whether in man or woman, in its natural tendency, leads to the improvement of the heart. Be not then discouraged, good Sir, from your laudable design of " making young ladies better than some of them " think they need to be;" and let me obtain mercy, if not for myself, yet for the *reading and writing ladies;* for such of them at least as are innocence of any design to make " poor " parents nothing at all," who never " made " SUCH *suppositions, taught* SUCH *doctrines, or* " *asserted* SUCH *privileges for children as could* " *only be defensible, were parents to be* GENE- " RALLY *unnatural and* STUPID, *and children* " GENERALLY *wiser and more reasonable than* " *their parents.*"

I have taken more notice of this part of your letter than perhaps I should have done; but indeed the seriousness with which it was introduced, and the pathetic remonstrances in behalf of parents which follow the passage I have cited, made a deep impression on me; how should it do otherwise, coming from you? But yet, my dear Sir, think not that I will say of this, as I did jestingly before of another stroke of yours, that I forgive you;—no! I assure you with great sincerity that I most heartily *thank you* for it. And I promise you to consider this, and every other reproof from you, as marks of your regard and good will. Let not then my answering so seriously this part of your letter, deprive me of the privilege of being thus kindly and gently chid for the future; I conjure you do not! Since this is one of the great advantages I selfishly propose to find in your paternal friendship; and since I shall think you have renounced your child, if ever you renounce the design of correcting her faults, and making her worthy of your esteem.

And now to return to the argument. I have been flattering myself a good while that we differ not very materially with regard even to parental authority. And I think on the subject of forced marriages we are pretty nearly of the same mind. Not one word of what I have said whilst I have Solmes and Clarissa in my view, do you wish me to retract, more than I do retract. But Clarissa's case, you say, stands by itself; "and I beseech you let not "any young creatures," proceed you, "ima- "gine themselves entitled to plead her exam- "ple for *non-compliance*, till they have *her* "*reasons;* to wit, an *absolute aversion*, an "*utter dissimilitude of mind and manners*, to "*justify* that aversion; oppression and per- "secutions like hers; and endeavours used by "them, in imitation of her, to reconcile her- "self to her friends, and to move them in her "favour antecedent to any rash step taken "or thought of." But, dear Sir, will not *less* than an *absolute aversion* be sufficient to give a woman a liberty to refuse an engagement which puts the happiness of her whole life so much in the power of another, that nothing

less than a *perfect esteem* should induce her to place so great a trust in his hands? And *whatever* may be the *reason* of a woman's dislike to a man, if she *does* dislike him, has she not a right to refuse to marry him? For my own part, I think, if ever I marry, I ought to give the man I marry a sincere preference to all other men; and I should think myself at liberty to reject any man to whom I could not give such a preference. The marriage vow ought to be perfectly voluntary. Is it not an act whereby a woman places in a man a power over her of so great consequence to her ease and quiet, that nothing but death, or a dreadful appeal to the laws of the land in the face of the world, can release her from his tyranny, if he should prove a tyrant, or procure her any redress for the greatest of injuries? Surely there needs not an utter dissimilitude of mind and manners to justify a woman in refusing to make a man the lord of her affections, and the director of her will; on the contrary there should be (if happiness or even a tolerable degree of it, is to be hoped for in the marriage state) the nearest similitude of

mind and manners that can be met with, between two people who are to live together for life, whose interests are one, and who profess before the altar of God to love each other as themselves. To chuse a companion and friend to live with you in the same house, even though you could part at pleasure, would you not be careful to enquire into the manners and sentiments of any person who was proposed to you as such? How much more then should a sympathy of soul be sought for in the person with whom you are to be so much more closely and strongly connected! Therefore I must insist, that *every* woman, whether of equal prudence with Clarissa, or not, whether the man proposed be *quite* as odious as Solmes, or not, whether she have an absolute aversion to him, or only be *indifferent*, or rather averse to him, whether she be in love with some other, or not, and whether that other be a proper match for her, or not, every woman, I say, has a right to a negative; and is guilty of no sinful disobedience in refusing to marry the man her parents propose, provided she do not marry herself without their consent; since

the giving away her person, her fortune, and even her affections, is an action in which her free will is essentially concerned; and, as a rational creature, she must have a right to refuse to shackle her conscience with a vow, if she does not chuse it. Now I am not quite clear, from the general tenor of your argument, whether you are willing to allow this in *all* cases; although in the particular case of Clarissa you have so plainly designed her steady refusal as exemplary. Tell me then, dear Sir, are we quite agreed in this point? Remembering always that I allow the parents (if *tolerably good* parents) a negative, will you allow one in *all cases* to the child?

With regard to the Harlowe-curse, I think our argument is at an end. You say "Clarissa, considering her uneasy apprehensions "from Lovelace, the contents of her cousin "Morden's letter, *the weight she had always* "*given to a parent's curses*, and her not being "entirely satisfied with her own conduct, and "knowing that her father's horrid imprecation "was uttered in the belief that her flight with

"a libertine was premeditated; considering "all these things," you say, "Clarissa *must* "*be allowed* to have *dreadful* apprehensions "of a father's curse." If she *must be* allowed it, why then she must: and I *can* allow it her as a weakness, a *natural*, though a superstitious weakness. But when from instances taken from the *prophetic* blessings and curses of the old patriarchs, you say she had *reason* to be apprehensive with regard to the *operation* of the curse itself, I must own to you that I *cannot* allow this to her *reason*, though I can to her weakness and distress of heart. She speaks of her father in more places than one, as if he were the *arbitrator of her fate* in this world and the next. She *can neither live nor die* under his malediction; she cannot go to Heaven without a *passport* from *him!*— Surely, surely, this it too much! I would not make fathers nothing at all; but I would not make them *gods!* I would not have the saint shut from her Heaven, by the unjust and detestable fury of her tyrannical father! Shall not the innocent, the pious Clarissa possess her soul in peace, in her last moments; shall

she not die the death, after having lived the life, of the righteous, unless her guilty father will be pleased to revoke his rash unavailing curse! When she prays to *compound* for temporal ruin *only*, and seems to fear that her father's dreadful curse would be completed in *both worlds*, does she not seem superstitiously to look upon him as the master of her fate, and his words, his impious words, as a *sentence* from Heaven? Do not say she had *reason* for this, my dear Sir; she had reason to know, that her happiness depended on a much more just and merciful judge; that her father's mistaken fury could have no influence on the supreme Disposer of good and ill, who knew the uprightness of her intention; and who suffered her to be *tried*, not punished, in this world, that he might reward her with a more exceeding weight of glory hereafter. But she, instead of regarding her temporal sufferings as *trials only*, which were to conduce to her own glory, looks on them as the *effect* of her father's imprecation; as the *acquiescence* of the Supreme Being in the *decree* her father pronounced against her, that

she should be punished by the very wretch in whom she placed her wicked confidence; at least it appears to me, that she always regards her permitted sufferings in *this* light, as the *operation* of her father's curse; whereas, she knew in her own heart that she placed no wicked confidence in the author of her ruin; that her father mistook her intention, and pronounced this curse upon that mistake. What *operation* then can the rash words of a *blind mistaken mortal* have in the dispensations of Providence, towards an innocent, virtuous, pious saint! Why did not Clarissa know, that they could have none? "Because," say you, "she was distressed and weakened in "body and mind." Well then I allow this weakness to her distress. But will you allow, that had she been unconcerned in the case, she would in her calm and unweakened reason have regarded this curse as impotent and vain, as incapable of hurting a soul that was "armed "so strong in innocence;" or of having any operation at all, but such as might be fatal to the wicked and unnatural imprecator?

" As the bird by wandering, as the swallow " by flying, so the curse causeless shall not " come." Prov. xxvi. 2. A dark passage, thus paraphrased by Bishop Patrick. " Though " men are too prone in their passion to wish " evil to others, or to pronounce *solemn curses* " against them, yet is there *no reason* to fear " such rash imprecations; for they shall do " no harm (unless to him that makes them); " but pass by the innocent like a swallow or " wild dove, than which few birds fly away " more swiftly."

Forgive me, dear Sir, if I have expressed myself too peremptorily on this subject, and spare not to *take me down*, whenever I forget myself so far as to argue with you with unbecoming tenaciousness or decisiveness.

And now may I not flatter myself that we are almost agreed? At least that you begin to think me not *quite so rebellious a spirit* as you did? I will hope so till you tell me otherwise, because I wish to think with you on all subject; and because I am

ambitious enough to wish to emulate the excellence in heart and head of my dear papa Richardson; such is the phaeton-like aspiring of

His ever obliged
And affectionate child,
H. Mulso.

A MATRIMONIAL CREED;

ADDRESSED

BY MISS MULSO

TO

MR. RICHARDSON;

In consequence of his questioning her strictly on what she believed to be the Duties of the Married State.

MATRIMONIAL CREED.

Being told one evening that I could not be quite a good girl, whilst I retained some particular notions concerning the behaviour of husbands and wives;—being told that I was intoxicated with false sentiments of dignity; that I was proud, rebellious, a little spitfire, &c. I thought it behoved me to examine my own mind on these particulars, to distrust its rectitude, and endeavour to detect those erroneous principles and faulty passions, which could draw on me censures so severe from some of my best friends. Therefore, at the hour of retirement, when silence and solitude left my thoughts free, cool and sedate, and my reason unperplexed by the ambiguities of expression, the mutual misconstructions and exaggerations, the warmth of self-vindication, and the desire of converting others to our own way of thinking, which sometimes embarrass truth, and prevent conviction in argument,—

I endeavoured to recollect and re-consider my own sentiments on the subject. And that I might do so with more certainty and regularity, I collected them, and set them down in as good order as I could, in the manner of a creed, which, considering the importance of the subject, will not I hope be thought a profanation of the form.—If the opinions here set down shall be found to vary from those I set out with, be it imputed, not to designed evasion, but to the gradual effects which the arguments I have since heard, and the reflections I have made, may have imperceptibly produced in a mind, which, however tenacious, is not disingenuous, and would have acknowledged those effects at the time, had it, at the time, been sensible of them.

N. B. I do not, in the manner of some creed-makers, anathematize all those who differ from me, nor abhor, detest, or abjure their opinions. Nor would I excommunicate from the holy state of matrimony all such as cannot heartily subscribe to the smaller articles of this creed. For if the weightier matters of

the law, fidelity, obedience, love, honour, and truth, be fulfilled, the rest may be adjusted without any systems, by time, habit, mutual compliances, and mutual forbearances. And many things may appear necessary to the highest degree of earthly felicity that our imaginations can form, which are by no means essential to produce such a mixed and limited happiness as ought to be the object of our hopes.

I.

I believe that a husband has a divine right to the absolute obedience of his wife, in all cases where the first duties do not interfere: and that, as her appointed ruler and head, he is undoubtedly her superior.—And I think it probable that the divine institution which gives him this right, and the customs and usages of all nations and ages in this respect, are founded on some natural advantages and superiority of the man, which make the law of obedience a wise, just, and merciful law, with respect to the woman. This I think probable in general, although, in many instances, the

contrary is true of individuals, and in many matches, the natural superiority, in all mental excellencies, is evidently on the woman's side.

II.

I believe it expedient that every woman should chuse for her husband one whom she can heartily and willingly acknowledge her superior, and whose judgment and understanding she can prefer to her own; although in some points it may not be possible for her to adopt his opinions, or be convinced by his reasoning. Nor ought this (which must always be in some measure the case, even between the best paired minds that can be selected from the whole race of mankind) to interrupt or abate their felicity. Since such opinions as are general and speculative, may be retained on both sides without any inconvenience; and as to those which relate to action, the husband's will must ultimately determine, even though the wife should remain unconvinced; excepting such actions as are in themselves immoral, or which interest the wife's happi-

ness greatly more than that of the husband.' I do not know that this latter exception can stand of right, though with a generous man I think it must be allowed.

III.

Notwithstanding this acknowledged superiority of right of command, I believe it highly conducive, and, to delicate minds, absolutely necessary to conjugal happiness, that the husband have such an opinion of his wife's understanding, principles, and integrity of heart, as would induce him to exalt her to the rank of his *first* and *dearest friend*, and to endow her, by his own free gift, with all the privileges, rights, and freedoms of the most perfect friendship.

IV.

In order to preserve this friendship perfect and entire, I believe it necessary that all such inequality and subjection as must check and restrain that unbounded confidence and frankness which are the essence of friendship, be laid aside or suffered to sleep, till such time as

the woman shall shew herself unworthy of the high title of friend, with which her husband had honoured her, and shall return to the common state of wives; for though she has, by his marriage vow, a right to his love and kindness, it is not so with respect to his friendship, which is a free and voluntary gift, or conditional loan, and may be withdrawn without breach of vows, according to his discretion and her merits. Many an honest woman, who would make a faithful and obedient wife, is utterly unqualified to be a friend in the highest sense of the word: and many marriages are tolerable easy, if not happy, where friendship was never once thought of, either in the making, or in the course of the union.

V.

As the elegant pleasures of life, between persons of taste and sentiment, must depend, in a great measure, on delicacies which enter not into the scheme of common minds, I believe it conducive to the preservation of this finer relish of happiness, that a certain kind and degree of respect, politeness, or complai-

sance, (whichever of those words may best express the idea) such as may consist with the greatest intimacy, and kindness, be mutually kept up, even in this most intimate of unions.

VI.

I believe that love must always necessarily inspire a constant desire of pleasing and obliging, which cannot fail of manifesting itself on both sides, if not restrained by some other principle. Let not the husband then restrain these amiable effects of love, by an overweaning opinion of superiority, or jealousy of power, nor the wife, by false dignity, or female pride; but let both, in those actions which are suited to the sex and situation of each, testify their mutual preference of each other's happiness to their own, in the smallest as well as in the greatest occurrences of life.

VII.

I cannot help believing that the man who wishes to preserve the approbation of his wife's taste as well as judgment, and to continue the object of her fondest admiration, as

well as esteem, ought not to let her see a total change of those manners which perhaps first attracted her fancy; that he ought not at once to exchange the engaging assiduities of the lover, for the bluntness of command, or the negligence of security. An adoring, creeping, flattering, servile lover, is a contemptible animal, or worse, an artful villain: but the sincere and reasonable lover, preserved in the husband, must appear, in the eyes of a wife, the most amiable of characters. She, on her part, freed from the restraints of maiden punctilio, must naturally be delighted with every proper occasion of shewing her grateful attention and observant tenderness; but by the word proper, I would except against over officiousness and parade of affection, in company, and all such services as are not suited to her sex, or agreeable to the customs of the world. These exceptions allowed, I repeat that she cannot too freely indulge that desire of obliging, which is the inseparable attendant and effect of true love, and which must generally (one would think always) prevent, in happy marriages, the necessity of command.

I cannot, on self-examination, convince myself that any of the above sentiments are founded in pride, or in aversion to being governed, or in jealousy of power. I would not marry a man, upon whose generosity I could not absolutely depend, and whose will and wishes would not be mine as soon as known. I have never yet been the mistress of myself, nor ever wished to be so; for I am convinced that it is generally a happiness, and often a relief to have some person to determine for us, either to point out our duty, or direct our choice. If I know myself in this respect, I should be a loyal subject, but a rebellious slave.

I have also examined myself on the article of tenaciousness, imputed to me so often by Mr. Richardson, and some others of my good friends, who probably know me better than I do myself. I am very far from denying the charge, which I think is very likely to be true, but what I wish is, to find the cause of this defect, and the remedy. That I am not insincere and disingenuous, I can boldly

and safely determine ; and if I felt myself convinced, I am certain I could own it freely. Whether my understanding or temper be in fault, I cannot tell.—Perhaps I am still tenaciously persisting in the wrong, but I do not find that I *can*, from any argument I have yet heard, retract from, or concede any of the opinions contained in

This Paper.

A PRAYER

FOUND IN MRS. CHAPONE'S HAND-WRITING

AFTER HER DEATH.

A PRAYER

FOUND IN MRS. CHAPONE'S HAND-WRITING AFTER HER DEATH.

O Gracious Father of the universe! behold thy creature humbly imploring thy forgiveness of her numerous past transgressions, and thy compassion for her present faulty dispositions, and her defects in all those virtues that must raise her to a better condition. Turn not from me, O my God, the light of thy countenance, nor take from me the blessed influence of thy spirit!—enlighten my understanding—strengthen my faith—purify and invigorate the desires of my heart towards that which is good. Save and deliver me from evil, O Lord God most holy! most beneficent and merciful creator! consign me not to destruction—cast me not out from thy presence and the society of good spirits,—but grant me all the assistance I stand in need of, to become what I ought to be, and to make the best use of that short period of life, which may still remain for me in this world, after all the time I have

wasted or misemployed. Thou knowest all my weaknesses and wants, and all the infirmities of my soul and body. Help me O my Father to obey thee and to love thee as I ought. Raise my dull spirit to such true reverence and adoration,—such gratitude for thy past benefits—and such hope in thy future mercies, as may best recommend the humble homage of my prayers and thanksgivings. And grant that the time may come when my heart shall be as sincere and warm in these affections as my frail nature is capable of. Imperfect as they are, may thy goodness however accept them, and, through the merits and mediation of my blessed redeemer, bring me to that state where I shall be good and happy, and praise thy glorious name for ever and ever. Amen!

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO MR. BURROWS.

Brightwell, Sept. 22, 1764.

So you are really returned to sin and sea-coal, and have lost this beautiful autumn weather, merely out of obstinacy! Noble perseverance! I am determined not to pity you, though you should be suffocating, whilst I have been enjoying some of the sweetest scenes of Berkshire. But poor *Mrs.* Burrows I *do* pity; for I am persuaded you forced her to follow you to town. Yes, Mr. Burrows, you *forced** her. "A parlous shot out of an elder gun," is your smart Dialogue indeed! like the comedy of The Clouds, it metamorphoses the most respectable characters into the most ridiculous; which ought in my opinion to be a hanging matter; and were I an absolute queen, I don't know whether I should not make you the first example, though when I had done so, I should lie upon the ground

* Alluding to a passage in The Dialogue.

tearing my hair like old Queen Bess, when she had executed Essex. You certainly rely most audaciously on my partiality for you, or you could never dare to use my friends as you do before my face. I say friends, because Mrs. —— gave me that honourable title in the beginning of our acquaintance, when I dined in the dressing-room with her; that it has not since been repeated, I take to be wholly owing to the want of a refreshing ode, or well-turned panegyric on my part, which no doubt was what she had a right to expect, and *you* have a great deal to answer for on that score, who keep my genius down continually, by throwing cold water on its dying embers, and terrify my poor Muse as much as Churchill does that of Gray. The woeful example of esprits and poetesses of much higher rank; torn to pieces by your unmerciful wit, whose mangled limbs lie scattered before your cave, has so intimidated me, that I could not make a couplet to have a drink of nectar out of Ossian's shell. Notwithstanding this dreadful disadvantage, the very last letter from Mrs. C. contains a kind message from Mrs. L. with hopes of

some time seeing me at ——. There friendship breathes in every vale, and conjugal love sighs through the groves. Wit sparkles in every stream, and poetry enamels every lawn with flowers that never fade. There I hope to shake off the rust I have contracted in your acquaintance, and regain some elegance of sentiment, and brilliancy of imagination.

Pray tell me about Mrs. Barker. I have never heard a syllable from her since I left Chelsea, and fear she did not receive a letter I sent her by the penny-post, the day before I set out from thence. I find she has been comforting poor Miss Betty Palmer, whom I pity most heartily, and could not help feeling as if I had lost something, when I heard of the death of her good sister, though I so long expected it, and had so small an acquaintance with her; but she had a kindness for me, and I do love to be loved by good people, and reckon the loss of one of them as a sensible diminution of my enjoyments. If you see Mrs. Barker, do remind her of one Mrs. Chapone, whom for a week or two she professed a friend-

ship for; but don't let her fancy me in earnest displeased with her silence, for that would be contrary to articles.

My kindest love to dear Mrs. Burrows. I don't know how *you* find it, but *I* love her more this year than the last, and so on. Adieu, my dear Mr. Burrows; I am ever your most faithful and obliged friend,

H. CHAPONE.

LETTER II.

TO ——

Chelsea, July 28, 1768.

I am very glad you are so well entertained by Lady Hervey. I suppose in the winter you will be admitted to her dinners of *six*, (for she never has more at a time,) all chosen esprits; for which number I hear her table is every day prepared. Don't, however, let her make an infidel or a French woman of *you*, for she is as terrible and dangerous as the monsters that stand on the French shore. *I* went some time ago to the Moravian house in

Chelsea, where I fell in love with a Moravian lady—a Swiss by birth;—her husband (an Englishman) went to Switzerland to find a wife, in consequence of a *dream* which directed him to this lady, whom he married thereupon. She perverted him to the Moravian religion, and he became secretary to Count Zirzindorff. We had about an hour's conversation with her, (for she is an old acquaintance of Mr. B——'s, with whom I went merely with a view to see the house) I never in my life was better entertained, nor ever took so high an opinion of any body in so short a time. She has travelled over Europe, is very polite and sensible, has an air of unaffected sanctity, and though old, and drest with the plainness of a quaker, has the happiest mixture of dignity and simplicity I ever saw. I long to be better acquainted with her, though possibly she might make a Moravian of me, for I am already so far converted, as to disbelieve half the imputations laid on that sect, particularly that of licentiousness; for nothing could be more artlessly pure, modest, and holy, than the manners and sentiments of this woman. This is the only

adventure I have to entertain you with, in return for your *narrative*. The rest of my time has passed merely in eating, sleeping, and quadrille; but if I have been a comfort to my aunt, I account it better spent than with *esprits* and philosophers.

LETTER III.

TO MR BURROWS.—1773.

I have just received from Miss ——, the welcome news of your being safely landed, and I feel so very glad of it, that it has put me into a kind complying humour, and inclined me to indulge your unreasonable demand of hearing *first* from me. To be sure nothing can be more *contre les regles*, and the more so as I have nothing in the world to tell you, and you have so much to tell me; however, I am so desirous of hearing from you, that I agree to your terms, however unreasonable. I wish you may be in a voluminous vein; I promise to preserve your letters, and you shall have them framed and glazed when you re-

turn, if you chuse it; so that you will but tell me about every thing and every body you meet with. As you have lately got so good a hand at panegyric, I expect pictures at whole length of the admirable friends you are with—views of their country seat, studies from nature of every romantic scene in the country, and studies of man from every group you get amongst in Dublin; particularly I desire your serious opinion, whether an Irish man or woman does in any particular or degree differ from an English one, for I have not yet settled my opinion about the national character, so much talked about; especially whose laws and customs being much alike, the difference is to arise from the climate; and this doubt has always much abated my curiosity with regard to neighbouring nations, I might say all the European nations, amongst whom I should not expect to find variety enough to compensate the trouble of going so far to look into them. I believe you have played us this trick of leaving our island on purpose to make us feel your importance; for my part, though I should not enjoy more of your company if

you were at Hadley than I do now, yet the idea of the sea rolling between us, is unaccountably disagreeable to me. I feel sincere commisseration for Mrs. Burrows and your sisters, who by their own account seem in danger of actually dying of ennui.

I, who live upon the love of my friends, can soon surfeit on the most delicate feasts of mutual flattery, which seems to me to be too much the kind of intercourse among my new acquaintances, and in which they will find me terribly deficient, and consequently terribly insipid. Our jarring society, as Mrs. B. calls it, is much more suited to my nature, and nothing can ever make me amends for that luxurious ease and security in the kindness of all around me, which enables me to wrangle, abuse, and dispute, till I am black in the face, without the least apprehension of any harm ensuing; but life would be too happy if I were always to spend it with my brother and your family. 'Tis fit I should sometimes take up with what is less to my mind. What profanation, would some folks say, and how unworthy of the lot

assigned me!—Well, I shall try it, but I shall not be disappointed if I should never renew it, nor ever be wished for again in the same parties.

LETTER IV.

TO ——

Dec. 1775.

You were very good, my dearest friend, in cheering my exile with such a kind and entertaining letter; indeed nothing can be more melancholy than my state here, as I have not the comfort of seeing my poor aunt mend at all. We have at last prevailed to send for Sir Noah Thomas, and before I seal this, I hope he will have been here and have given us some prospect of amendment. I have no thoughts of leaving her in her present condition, which requires the attention of a friend, and she has no one near her at all qualified for nursing. I am sure she has the justest claim to the best I can do, and she takes so kindly my stay, that it makes my duty satisfactory to myself. Yet I cannot help hankering after

London at present, where I have left so many persons whose company I delight in; Mrs. Barbauld in particular I regret, as the opportunities of cultivating her acquaintance are so scarce and valuable. I am very glad to find you improve your opportunities so well, for I entirely agree with you in your idea of her character, and think her a prize not to be neglected. I wish you would institute a correspondence with her, for, notwithstanding the cold caution which age brings upon me every day, I cannot help being strongly inclined, on the evidence before me, to give her credit for all those qualities of the heart and temper, which must be joined to her great understanding, to make her worthy of your friendship. I regret particularly the snug day at my brother's, for as to your fandango, I would not have given a rush for it, unless for the *credit* of having made one in such a brilliant assembly.

Our dear Miss S. (who is a treasure that has been tried seven times in the fire) is another subject of regret to me at present. You

give me great pleasure in the hope of having gained ground in her affection, for she has long been in possession of a very high rank in my esteem.

Have you seen my brother John's dream? Sleeping or waking he is a diverting animal. Very pleasant is his company to me, and sad the separation in which we live.

LETTER V.

TO ——

May, 1776.

I feel already a great desire to converse with you, my dearest friend, and to know how you all do, and how you relish the chase in these bitter north-east winds. You, on your part, are afraid that I am laid up after my *fête champêtre*, and will be glad to hear that though my cold is not the better, I have escaped hitherto with only grumbling in teeth and jaws, and have been able to dine at Lord Bateman's to-day. But first of the first: alas!

all human schemes end in disappointments. What must have been Mr. B——'s, when after inviting all the people of quality and fashion he could lay his hands on, to the finest entertainment they ever had, or ever could partake of—when, after having his grass cut, and preparing Arcadian haymakers in uniforms to make hay on his lawn, with a most elegant breakfast *al fresco*, set out in an elegant tent, &c. when the rooms, the staircase, and every part of the house was crowded with fine people, to hear Mrs. Sheridan, Miss Fitzpatrick, and others, perform the oratorio of Ruth—lo! Mrs. Sheridan miscarried and could not come—Miss Fitzpatrick was capricious and would not come—Miss Louisa Harris took fright and did not come—and if there were more misses, they either did not come, or did not sing (except Miss Fisher, who gave us two Italian songs); so the oratorio fell to the ground; the band were all in distress and confusion—and we had only instrumental music after long pauses and consultations (excepting the aforesaid songs of Miss Fisher, and two base ones by Mr. Allot). The north-east

wind made it impossible to walk between the acts, or to breakfast *al fresco*. The poor hay-makers were forced to put on cloaks, and the ladies to peep at them from the windows. But now to turn the best end of the perspective. I went with Mrs. Ogle and Mrs. Harris—got good places at a due distance from door and window; saw Duchess of Devonshire, Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Archer, Mrs. Hodges, and a hundred more capitals—and such variety of heads and hats as amused me much. Mr. Giardini led the band, and gave us some concertos. Mr. Park, an excellent hautbois, gave me pleasure, and then we had a *prince* to play thorough bass on the harpsichord. Lady Edgecombe accompanied Miss Fisher's first song. After the first act we went down to an elegant breakfast in an elegant room below—returned up stairs to the second act, and had again the luck to get good places, which, considering the case of many ladies, who stood upon chairs, or were jammed in the door-way was a great piece of good fortune—got to the coach in less than an hour after it was over—went to dinner at the bishop's, and

came home safe in the evening, and am not laid up. But alas! my principal hope miscarried—and for the rest, it might have been well enough if one had expected no better.

LETTER VI.

TO ——

May, 1776.

I went last night with Mrs. Boscawen to Mr. Cole's, where we passed an agreeable evening. He and Mr. Baker had a lively debate upon Mr. Jennyn's book, which is every where the subject of conversation. I find to my surprise that the orthodox prize it highly. I had almost got into a scrape with my uncle for saying I feared it would do more harm than good. I think with you that it is written in a very pleasing and interesting manner. What he says of the excellence of our saviour's character and precepts, as a proof of christianity, I much approve, for it certainly is one of the strongest proofs we can have; but I think he misrepresents and outrées some of the mora

precepts, as well as several of the doctrines of christianity, to the great injury of his cause. His granting to the infidels that all the business of this world is incompatible with christianity, and that the precepts of Christ do not regard, and are even *adverse* to public *utility* and *happiness*, was the subject on which his friend Cole (though a great admirer, in general, of the book) made strictures, and Baker defended. I think Jennyns has confounded the subject like Mandeville, by changing the terms of his proposition upon us, and giving us sometimes *wealth*, *power*, &c. for utility and happiness. That the laws of God must conduce to public utility and happiness, cannot be denied without impiety. The true interests of both worlds must be the same, for there is no way to either but virtue. Wealth and power may be otherwise attained, but then they are neither useful nor happy. He loves to encounter giants (as appears from his origin of evil), yet I think he is but a pigmy reasoner. What says Mr. B—— to the book? or is he too good-natured to read it?

LETTER VII.

TO——

Farnham Castle, August 22, 1776.

Yes, my dearest—" simple as I sit here," I have been in company with the king and queen—have enjoyed " the sweet aspect of princes"—been complimented over and over by royal lips about my book—been exhorted to write more—my niece enquired about—my place of abode—my address in London asked—and in short " as great honours done me as shall be desired, look you, in a summer's day." But I was still more gratified by the cordial esteem and kindness testified to my dear uncle and aunt by their royal guests, and by the joy which beamed in their countenances, and will gladden their hearts as often as they recollect this visit. I have given the particulars in detail to my brother, who will satisfy your curiosity more completely than I can now do, having several letters on my hands; besides that one cannot repeat exactly the same things to persons who are so likely

to *conferr notes*; therefore you must be contented to be told in general that the whole went off as happily as was possible; that nothing could exceed the good humour, the ease, the kindness, I may say the *friendliness* of the royal guests, nor the grateful pleasure of their hosts. The queen has the most engaging manners you can conceive, and a countenance so overflowing with graciousness and benignity, that it is impossible to see her without loving her. Her readiness in starting conversation, and the address with which she introduced a thousand obliging and polite things, were really in a degree that amazed me. My brother will tell you in what strong terms she mentioned the king's affection for the Bishop of W——, and the delight he had in the visit, and in seeing him the possessor of this charming place, &c. The king on his part forgot nothing that could gratify the bishop and Mrs. Thomas, and in his conversation with Mr. B——, during a walk in the park, remembered every individual of the family, and enquired minutely into their situation; what the bishop had done for them, &c.

amongst these were the Mulsos, whom he seemed to know a good deal about, and enquired more. He remembered me as Miss Mulso, but did not before know that my name was now Chapone, and the queen (before I appeared) expressed her surprise to find that the author of the letters she admired was the bishop's niece. She said she had asked several people, but never could learn who Mrs. Chapone was. This accounts for her having never mentioned the book to the bishop, which I had rather wondered at, having been told by Dr. M—— that she liked it and had read it more than once (which she herself confirmed here). Your letter arrived here on Sunday, at which time Mrs. Thomas's spirits were so much agitated, by the expectation of this visit, that she wanted to escape away to W——, if the bishop would have permitted it. When I read her what you said about it, she said she should be happy and contented if she could acquit herself *half* as well as Mrs. B—— did at M——; however her spirits rose with the occasion, and all her fears vanished, when she found herself addressed with so much kindness

and ease, and sprightliness, for the visit was as cheerful a one as ever passed, and I believe nobody of less rank could have made a first visit so lively. In truth, my aunt acquitted herself to admiration, and betrayed not the least embarrassment; her respect, and that of the bishop, was accompanied by such marks of the real affection which glowed in their hearts, that it produced all that the most refined politeness aims at, and more than it ever attains when it is artificial. I am certain the queen was much more pleased with my aunt than she expected to be with an old lady, whom she had never seen at court, and whom, therefore, she probably considered as long disused to the world. She carried on the conversations; the queen began very agreeably, and introduced some polite compliments with uncommon happiness. The people who lined the streets were a good deal disappointed at the queen's appearance, whom they expected to see ride along with her crown upon her head, and were not a little surprised to see her with a black hat, and a plain blue great coat. The little boys (Mr. B——'s sons) were

made very happy in the notice taken of them, which was exceedingly good-natured; the king called the youngest *the counsellor*, (a name the bishop gives him), and admired his discretion in refraining from laughing when he had so much mind to it. He had them close to him all the time. The queen told us a pretty story of Prince Ernest, (who I believe is about four years old): walking on Windsor Terrace with the rest, the mob pressed upon him, and he took off his hat and said, "I "should be obliged to you if you would be "so good as not to push me so much;" this will do to tell your little folks, though they do not want a lesson of civility.

These honours to the bishop in his old age are the more gratifying to him, as his love for the king is the strongest passion of his soul.

LETTER VIII.

TO ——

Winchester, Nov. 7, 1776.

I have read some of Dr. Powel's sermons; he seems to treat the subject liberally, yet not without a mixture of sophistry: that on subscription to articles, is miserably unfair. I am tired of reading and thinking, and propose to sit quiet in darkness till it please God to bring me into the regions of light. I trust I shall never lose sight of him amidst the mists of doubts and ignorance, and for the rest, the same resignation is due to his will on the subjects of intellectual wants as of bodily ones. I have got into the first volume of *Histoire Philosophique, & du Commerce des Indes.* French philosophy is surely the most impertinent thing in the world; nothing makes me so sick. This fine moralist is enraptured with a sect of the Japanese, who make it a part of their religious acts to visit some courtisannes who live close to the Temple on purpose to be at hand, and he goes off in a rhapsody of

some pages on the blessedness and holiness of such acts, which he opposes to the rigours of celibacy in the Roman Catholic religion, forgetting that none of the purposes of society are answered by casual visits to courtisans, and that nature, who made marriages for birds, and for every creature whose young stands in need of the assistance of both parents, must have meant that the parents of the human offspring should be united for life, since it stands in need of their protection for twenty years. I think I shall not proceed far in the work, which is very voluminous. I can hardly depend on any information from such an author. Pray let me know what your brother thinks of the book.

LETTER IX.

TO ——

Farnham Castle, Aug. 20, 1778.

My dearest Friend,

I received your most comfortable large packet yesterday, and in return for the many agreeable things it contains, I have wherewith

to fill as large a sheet if I could but get time to write it in; for we have had great doings here, and though it cannot have quite the zest of the first royal visit, yet it may do well enough *rechauffé*, as it will be garnished with many new circumstances. All I fear is, that my brother, to whom I have already sent the account, will communicate it at Hadley before this arrives. However, I must run the risk of that, and tell it in much the same manner over again; for I know that you will like to hear every little circumstance, particularly such as relate to the least important person of the company, myself. Mr. Buller went to Windsor on Saturday, saw the king, who enquired much about the bishop, and hearing that he would be eighty-two the next Monday—"Then," said he, "I will go and wish him "joy." "And I," said the queen, "will go "too." Mr. B. then dropped a hint of the additional pleasure it would give the bishop if he could see the princes. "*That*," said the king, "requires contrivance, but if I can "manage it we will *all* go." Mr. Buller sent an express with this news on Sunday, and re-

turned himself after we were all in bed. The next morning all things were prepared, and all drest and ready against the hour, and a little after eleven came the king and queen in their phaeton, three coaches and six, and one coach and four, with a large retinue of servants. The company were

Their Majesties,	Duke of Montague,
Prince of Wales,	Bishop of Lichfield,
Prince Frederic,	Col. Hotham,
Prince William,	General de Budé,
Princess Royal,	Col. Ramsden,
Princess Augusta,	Rev. Mr. Arnold,
Lady Weymouth,	Col. Lake,
Lady Charlotte Finch,	Mr. Light,
	Mr. Smelt.

They were all conducted into the great drawing-room by Mr. and Mrs. Buller, where after paying their compliments to the bishop and Mrs. T——, those of the first column remained there to breakfast; those of the second column left the room, and were led by Mrs. T—— to the dressing-room, where Mrs. —— and I

were, and where I made tea for them, but I suppose you will disdain the little annals of our table, which Mr. B—— calls high life below stairs; yet I think you will be pleased to hear of Mr. Smelt there, who was the comfort of my life. The Duke of M——— is a very courteous, well-bred man. The bishop looked good humoured but did not open. After our breakfast was over, as well as that of the upper house, the royal guests came to visit us in the dressing-room. The king sent the princes in to pay their compliments to Mrs. Chapone. Himself, he said, was an old acquaintance. Whilst the princes were speaking to me, Mr. Arnold, (sub-preceptor), said "These gentlemen are well acquainted with a "certain Ode, prefixed to Mrs. Carter's Epic-"tetus, if you know any thing of it." Afterwards the king came and spoke to us, and the queen led the princess royal to me, saying, "this is a young lady, who, I hope, has pro-"fited much by your instructions. She has "read them more than once, and will read "them oftener," and the princess assented to the praise which followed, with a very modest

air. She has a sweet countenance, and simple, unaffected manners. I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is but thirteen, and little of his age, but so sensible and engaging, that he won the bishop's heart, to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him while all the rest ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly manly and clever for his age. Yet with the young Bullers he was quite the boy, and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him to talk to him, "Come, we are both boys, you know." All of them shewed affectionate respect to the bishop; the Prince of Wales pressed his hand so hard that he hurt it. As to their Majesties, they were all graciousness, as you will suppose, and the king seemed in the highest spirits.

Mrs. Thomas acquitted herself extremely well, and among other pretty compliments, she thought of bringing Snip, in the cabriole, to the garden-door, to pay his respects to his mistress; and, the crowd intercepting him,

he was taken out of the carriage and led into the garden. Mrs. B.'s two girls were here, and the eldest son, and great notice was taken of them all. The youngest girl (a comical natural little creature, between eight and nine) says, she thinks it hard the princes may not marry who they please; and seems not without hopes, that if it were not for this restriction, the Prince of Wales might prove a lover of her's.

This visit acted as a cordial upon the bishop, and enlivened his spirits for some time. Indeed the affection and tender consideration the king shews him, cannot but be the highest gratification to him, whose passionate fondness for his royal pupil "passes the love of women."

LETTER X.

TO ——

A thousand thanks to you, my dearest friend, for your most kind and entertaining letter, which made me a partaker of your

woodland delights without the fatigues that attended them. As my mind is rather more active than my body, I accompanied you with the greatest alacrity all over the chace, enjoyed the tea, which my brother says is the essence of pleasure in all parties of women, listened with rapture to the song, which was so well suited to the scene, and was particularly struck with the adventure of the boarding-school and Mrs. Venel. Such a surprise is the highest gratification at Maria's age, when the imagination is so apt and capable to the impression of pleasing wonder. I have always thought that the very contrary of that maxim, which Pope gives us in "the very "words of Creech," is true; and that,

"To *admire*, is all the art I know,
"To make men happy and to keep them so."

When use and experience prevent our being surprised at any thing, and when, by comparing new things with old, we become difficult to be pleased, we seem to have lost the chief means of being happy, and our enjoyments become flat and insipid; this is one of the great disadvantages of age, which I strive to postpone as much as

possible. But I find every outward object is so much indebted to the imagination, that as that decays every thing fades. Mine will grow old apace in my present situation, so different from your rural sports and sprightly parties; however, my health seems better suited to this state of insipidity, than to livelier scenes, which set my mind and body more at variance.

LETTER XI.

TO ——

1780.

As to my hoity toity scheme, I believe it will be performed with as much ease and safety as all your long journies and voyages generally are; for it will be all done in my mind, which is much more excursive than my body. The ——s were here yesterday, and were very agreeable, though somewhat out of spirits on account of the death of their friend, Dr. ——, which happened the day before. I was much pleased to observe little Charlotte, whilst her father described an affecting in-

stance of Dr. ——'s fondness for his little girl in his last hours, holding down her head, and playing with a spoon, to conceal the tears which gushed into her eyes, and which she winked away before she lifted up her face.—This made her mother's flow apace, though she took no notice of the child's emotion.

When sensibility breaks forth in children in this manner, it is a most engaging sign, and I was pleased to find the parents were judicious enough to let it pass as if unobserved.

Poor Mrs. E. has my sincere compassion and esteem. I am sure I should be happy to contribute in the least to her comfort; and, if you think the book you mention would be useful, I beg you would lend it her; but as it is the bishop's, which I took away without leave, I should be glad you would give a hint of more care than an unbound book would otherwise be entitled to. As I think there are many good and strong proofs of a future state from natural reason, I rather fear hurting the cause by such bad arguments as are some of

Baxter's; however, as the subject is interesting, it will, at least, employ her thoughts, and divert them from the object of her sorrow.—Whatever doubts may assault us, my dear friend, let us hold fast, without wavering, the blessed hope of everlasting life! Our having such a hope is, I trust, a kind of promise, since we could not have had such a hope, nor such an idea, but from that Being who has it in his power to fulfil it. Greater goodness than is in him, we should strive in vain to imagine; if, therefore, it is not inconsistent with his justice, his goodness will give us abundantly more than we can ask or think. He will not destroy his creatures, unless they are incorrigibly bad; he will use his power to give life and happiness, not to destroy. Of all this I feel so strong and intimate a persuasion, that I would not part with it for all this world could give. May it support us in the hour of death; without it what would have become of me when the heaviest stroke my nature could sustain fell upon me?

LETTER XII.

TO MRS. CARTER.

Pall Mall, June 15th.

Many thanks, my dear Mrs. Carter, for your pleasant though small letter, and for the more early intelligence you were so kind as to send me by Lady Hesketh, which gave me great satisfaction, for your state of health, before you left London, was very uncomfortable.

When you have more complaints than belong to you, I do not like it at all, for the old standards are quite sufficient; but I rejoiced to find that the journey and change of air had such salutary effects. If the sea warms and softens the air, you are much better situated than we in London, where it is cold as winter, and blights and rheumatisms seem hovering round us. Though I have been, as you say, so *fine* a lady as to have a little musical party, (an advantage I am glad to make of my present situation), yet I cannot boast of having been quite Herculean. The weather, like "a foul fiend, bites me by the back," and gives me more pains than I will trouble you

with a catalogue of: however, as I was not many days quite laid up, and am now better, I have reason to be thankful. Miss Burney could not join my party on the third, being busied with preparations for the fourth; but she made rich amends on the Friday following, when I enjoyed her company infinitely more by having nobody to share it with me but Mr. and Mrs. Pepys. I never saw her so delightful, nor in so good health and spirits. Mr. Pepys and she played into each other's hands like partners long used to each other; and we parted at eleven, with great regret on all sides. How seldom is it that one gets such a treat of conversation. I find I can still enjoy it when in perfection, as I do poetry, though age seems to make me more nice and fastidious in both, and I am seldomer pleased than perhaps I ought to be. No doubt the inability to please in society is no small cause of this, but thus one reconciles oneself by degrees to the days in which we shall say, "I have no "pleasure in them."

I have just finished Rosina, which I think you recommended, and in which I find much

that pleases me, and a good deal that puts me out of patience. The part of Nettleby seems written only to exercise that virtue, and both that and Richard are terribly *outrée* and disgusting. The character of the heroine—of her parents—and of Mrs. Fitzosborn, are charming, and I think finely kept up. Tudor comes upon you very surprisingly, and the puzzle of who and what he can be, is amusing. Spencer is out of all rule, being of no use but to bring in the author's fragments of poetry. They are pretty enough, but the eagerness of curiosity is scarce willing to give them a hearing. I fled to this book to relieve my imagination from the horrors imprest on it by Dr. Moore's Journal. And yet it is said he softens those horrors to the prejudice of truth. Indeed I do not know that he tells any thing we had not heard before, and with as many or more shocking circumstances; but then I had always comforted myself by allowing for exaggeration. But such a regular detail, by an eye witness, and one who set out on the popular side, drives one from that shelter, and forces on one the dreadful conviction that Fancy cannot paint any thing worse than our

poor fellow-creatures are capable of acting when the divine grace is withdrawn from them—a conviction that makes one's heart shrink, and one's blood curdle.

LETTER XIII.

TO MRS. E. CARTER.

Carlisle Street, 27th June.

I am very glad to find, that in spite of your old enemy, the head-ach, you retain your strength and hardihood, and can trot to Eastrey so manfully, and defy wind and weather. For my part, who shrink at a cold blast, and relax like a rope at a damp one, I have not thriven much in the cold rains. My shortness of breath, and some other of my troublesome companions, seem to take advantage and grow upon me in my old age, "but yet hope which travels on, nor quits us when we die," tells me I shall be better in the country, if the sky is more favourable. I have at last seen the strange, but beautiful poem you seemed so charmed with. I am quite provoked at Dr. Darwin for the choice of his subject, for surely his poetical powers are very great, and his numbers uncommonly charming; but did

ever any man require one to play with one's fancy at such a rate as this? for the loves of plants—the amours of a rose with a lilly! I am willing and agreeable to allow poets all reasonable vagaries, but to personify stamens and pistils—to make sighing swains of the first, and stately or coquettish nymphs of the last, is too much for patience.—The fine similies and episodes he brings in please me much; but then one must forget how they are brought in, otherwise the most pathetic becomes ludicrous.

I have not yet seen Mrs. Piozzi's travels, but am told they are very entertaining, and exactly like her conversation. I shall get them and read them soon. I have had sent me some sonnets by a Rev. Mr. Bowles, which have a good deal of merit; indeed I think some of them beautiful. I suppose it is because Petrarch was so sad, that all sonnet writers affect such constant plaintiveness. When one reads many of them at a sitting, it is like hearing many tunes all in one key, and that a flat one. This is my only objection to Mrs. Smith's elegant collection, which you have already seen. My poor friend, Mrs.

Burrows, is laid up with a pretty fierce fit of the gout. She and Mrs. A. Burrows desired to be kindly remembered to you. My brother grumbled and said, "Humph! not a word to me."—"You," said I, "why you are but a *man!* what does the fellow mean?" I have finished all Gibbon's six volumes this year. The last has nearly distracted my head. Surely he has a bad method of arranging his materials, by which, as well as by his language, he seems to take delight in puzzling and perplexing one. It is a pity that a man who has taken such wonderful pains for the information of mankind, should have contrived to make his work such as I fear will do much more harm than good. Not but that I love him, for all his severities on superstition and priestly tyranny (which I hate), if he had but taken care sufficiently to keep them distinct from true religion; but his great sin lies in wilfully confounding them.

LETTER XIV.

TO MRS. CARTER.

Francis Street, July 3.

It was mortifying, indeed, my dear Mrs. Carter, to part for the summer without a per-

sonal adieu, after having so seldom met whilst you were in town; but we were both too well acquainted with each other's infirmities, to attribute it to any other cause than inability. If we have not new bodies by that time, I hope our old ones, next winter, will be more favourable to our enjoying each other's society.

I trust you have been much better in the country, and in your own comfortable house, with servants to take care of you. I can scarce bear to think of your being ill in town, in those lodgings, without a maid of your own.

I am going, on Saturday, to breathe a purer air than that in which I have been suffocating for some time past. Indeed the heat, and the various pestiferous particles that mix with the air here, (from brick-kilns, forges, sewers. &c.) have been too much for me, and made me so idle, and faint, and good-for-nothing, that I could not bring myself to write a letter that I could possibly avoid. But now that I am going farther, to lands of double postage, my conscience forces me to sit down in the

hottest of hot days, to tell you I wish to hear that you have enjoyed cool breezes, fraught with health, and healing in their wings.

I must not forget to enumerate my comforts, as well as my discomforts, and I have for three weeks of the last month been highly gratified by having my beloved niece my guest. I happily got a room for her in this house, and enjoyed her society more than for her sake I wished; for I should have been glad if more of her friends had been in town who could have *chaperoned* her to a few more amusements. But she was very contented, for as she came upon business, whatever pleasure she got was clear gains. Her company helped me to support the *miseries* of *rejoicing*, which were really very great, notwithstanding the real joy I partook in Lord Howe's victory. I would willingly have given up one night's rest, but three was hard upon me; and the more so as I suffered a severe fright the first night, when, having heard not a word about rejoicing before I went to bed, I was waked at two o'clock by the most violent knocking, which fully persuaded me the house was on fire. My niece and I met on the

stairs, *en chemise*, and by degrees learnt the truth, and saved our windows by hurrying up all the candles we could find. The two following nights we were regularly illuminated; and I, who can trust nobody where fire is to be feared, watched—and started every moment at cannon, guns, pistols, squibs, and crackers, to the no small torment of my unfortunate nerves. As we gave so warm and hearty a welcome to good fortune, she should not have turned her back upon us so soon;—for now we are as extreme in dismay, as before in joy. But the steady hand of Providence will, I trust, turn all to good.

I have seen nothing of Mrs. Wolstonecroft's, except her Rights of Women,—in which I discerned some strong sense, amidst many absurdities, improprieties, and odious indelicacies. The desire of distinction is, I believe, the grand spring that sets so many pens at work, to shake and overturn every principle of order and happiness, and makes so many foolish people depart from the good they have been taught, to become their disciples, and affect a libertinism which their hearts disavow. Humility is indeed our great preser-

vative: Mrs. Wolstonecroft is so good as to attribute it to *me;* and I have at least enough to be not ashamed of it, and earnestly to wish I had more.

LETTER XV.

TO MRS. CARTER.

St. Maries, Southampton, Oct. 12.

Having at last got a frank, I sit down to give you some account of myself during a long silence. After passing near a month agreeably at Pope's, where I enjoyed the fine weather without being oppressed by it, I returned to town, and baked again till the 18th of August, when I came hither, and finding my friend Mrs. Ogle tolerably well, and her sister Lady Ogle with her, I promised myself considerable enjoyment in the society of such old and valued friends, who have loved me uninterruptedly from their childhood, and whose conversation with me is always *a cœur ouvert.* But my enjoyment lasted but one day, before a letter arrived, which put an end to all pleasure, except that of helping to support my poor friend under a new and heavy affliction. This was the death of her third son (a fine amiable young man about 25) in the West In-

dies, who fell a victim to that horrible yellow fever, which has made such havoc among our forces. He was aid-de-camp to Sir Charles Grey, and had honourably distinguished himself in the service. He was the favourite of every one of the family, and his behaviour to his mother had particularly endeared him to me. Lady Ogle and I had the task of breaking this news to Mrs. Ogle and the young people. As I know you will feel pain from the idea of my situation at that time, I ought to tell you that it was attended with a degree of satisfaction I cannot express. The behaviour of my saint-like friend was such as raised my admiration more than my pity, and made me gratefully adore that mercy which proportions its assistance to the wants of mortals, and mixes sweetness in the bitterest cup. To see one of the tenderest of mothers meekly resigned under such a stroke, forgetting her own suffering, in her concern for her daughters, who (as she observed) were "unbroken to affliction,"—to see her composedly trying to appease and console them, and sweetly accepting every endeavour of her friends to comfort herself, made me think I had an angel before me rather than a woman. The dean

was in the north at that time; his arrival about a week after brought on more distressful scenes. His nerves were sadly shaken by his illness last year, and this blow, which was, I believe, the severest he could feel, made me very apprehensive for the effects on him. His health has been much injured by it, and so has that of my sweet patient friend; but I hope they have now weathered the worst, and that time will heal them both.

My nephew William had been lying inactive at Portsmouth ever since he was made a lieutenant, which he, and even I, poor short-sighted mortals! lamented as a sad disadvantage, and thought it very unfortunate that he could not go with Sir J. Jervis;—how have I since rejoiced that he did not! At last with great joy he sailed to join Lord Howe's fleet, and I was doubtful during the last storm whether he was out at sea, or in Torbay. I have not heard from him since, but by the papers I learn that the fleet was returned to Torbay, and not much injured. I find myself much affected by every heavy gale, and foresee more anxieties in wait for me. But I hope I shall have the grace to keep

hem under, and to confide my private concerns, as well as those of the public, to the Great Ruler, which is the only comfort one can have at present.

LETTER XVI.

TO MRS. CARTER.

Francis Street, June 29.

You were very kind, my dear Mrs. Carter, in so soon indulging me with an account of your safe arrival at Deal, where I flatter myself you found yourself much better than you had been in town for some time. I hope you found Mrs. Pennington well, and had nothing to allay the pleasure of your visit there. You are by this time returned, and your house is, I dare say, so neat that no one could imagine it belonged to one of the literati. Your heart has been satisfied with rain since you wrote, and your myrtles and geraniums have drank their fill. Rain is a blessing I am soon tired of, for the damp hurts my spirits, and makes me ask myself many times in a day—"Fool, what ails you? you are not ill—you are not miserable—why don't you enjoy yourself?"—"Madam, an please you, it rains," says the fool, with which good

reason I am forced to sit down satisfied. Whether this same fool (with whom I have many quarrels, and for whom I often feel great contempt) be body or mind, or something between both, I can't tell, but am much inclined to fancy (if it be not heresy) that I perceive, like Cyrus's friend, that I have two souls. Pray tell me what you think of this matter. If it be not so, I should be glad to know *who* the *two* are that so often disturb my rest with their contentions in the night, whilst one of them keeps calling the other "coward! idiot!" and I know not what vile names—for suffering thoughts of fire, robbers, future contingencies, and past griefs to worry the brain, and make the heart beat. "Dear madam," says fool, "you can't think it's any pleasure to *me* to distress myself with such ideas. I am sure I do not call for them; and if you can help me to any means of getting rid of them, I shall be vastly obliged to you. But I must tell you that your pompously repeating

'Cowards die oftentimes before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once,'

or that beautiful line, (the sentiment of which I honour as much as you can do) '*Je crains dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte*;'

—as to all that it is very fine, but I must tell you my heart beats not a jot the less for it."—"Then take a little simple peppermint water, simpleton! and try what that will do"—and so the matter ends for that time.

I own this conclusion of the dispute looks a little as if the interlocutors were no other than the same quarrelsome couple, whose debates you have so cleverly put into verse. I hope they will live more quietly in the country, whither I am going next Wednesday; and I hope the clouds will have poured forth all their treasures by that time, and that I shall find the haymakers very busy round about Pope's.

The storm you mentioned was quite as sublime, but not quite so innocent in this part of the world as with you. However, I *will* say for my poor fool, that she behaves very well in thunder and lightning; for as far as I can guess, it is not so much death that she fears, as pain; and we *both* agree in considering—

"The favor'd man by touch etherial slain"—

as an object of envy. I hear you were treacherous to me, and have written poetry lately

that you have never shewed me;—but I was even with you—for I believe I never shewed you an epistle in verse from my brother to me, with the lady's answer, which we old children amused ourselves with in last December. The truth is, you and I have had no meetings in private, and scarce any of any kind, this unfortunate year. I have been writing a story for Mrs. H. Moore's cheap publications, who I thought must want assistance; but I find she has more composers than she knows what to do with; so I should grudge my trouble, were it not that I know I did it with a good intention.

TO MY SISTER CHAPONE.

Dec. 8, 1794.

THE PANGS OF A POET.

Sweet, my dear sister, is the new born thought,
To the rapt mind by vivid fancy brought;
Sudden and sweet the rapid numbers flow,
And with bright tints of flashing genius glow;
The recent verse well satisfied we read.—
But ah! to genius judgment must succeed;
With other eyes the work we now must view;
With sick'ning toil the critic's task pursue;
Line after line, and word by word must weigh,
And find a thousand errors in the lay;

Confusion in the metaphors we spy—
This is too flowery,—and that's too dry;
This thought is natural, but then 'tis trite;
That line is brilliant, and yet not quite right;
The sense is here much weakened for the rhyme,
And the thought deadened that the verse may chime.
Oh! to correct and blot, how hard the toil;
Like the first opening of a stubborn soil,
Stones, weeds, and matted roots arrest the plough,
And shock the labourer's pressing hand. And now
The friend called in, reluctant and afraid,
Feels what is ask'd will prove unwelcome aid;
Critic unblest! he wishes not to blame,
But kindly anxious for the author's fame,
Just ventures to object to one flat phrase—
Queries—suggests—submits—and still with praise
Mixes his doubts—not doubting of the whole—
Sure of success—of poetry the soul.
Reluctant too the author hears his friend,
On any theme, save only to commend;
Jealous and partial to his child ador'd,
Defends each thought, each image, and each word:
At length by patience to submission brought;
Yields somewhat now—yields more on cooler thought.
Adopts this emendation—that rejects;
Day after day revises and corrects;—
Wearied at length, disgusted, and worn out,
Of the whole business begins to doubt;
No longer views it with a parent's eye,
But as a changeling doom'd to infamy,
And with malignant fury casts it by.

Neglected, scorn'd, long time it lies forlorn;
Happy, mean time, it was not burnt or torn:
At length restor'd to notice by some chance,
The author deigns to view it with a glance,
Each moment feels a parent's love revive,
Is struck with beauties that he thinks should live;
Wonders what caus'd him to neglect the child;
Views it with feelings milder and more mild;
Grows fond, delighted, charm'd, assur'd 'twill do;
Transcribes it—prints it—publishes: and lo!
The world admires it almost like himself,
And his work shines resplendent on each shelf.
Such is the happy fate of some who write—
Not such the fortune of the luckless wight,
Who toils and sweats, anxious in vain to please,
His labours doom'd to obloquy—like these.

TO MY BROTHER MULSO.

Dec. 10, 1794.

Doom not to obloquy, my friend,
The pretty new born babe you send—
Child of your age! the welcome pledge
That still your wit retains its edge;
With aunt-like fondness I receive
And bless, and wish it long to live;
For though the bantling be but little,
'Tis like its father to a tittle;
With serious look, but all the while
Grac'd with a pleasant meaning smile.
Who would suspect an old recluse,
Of such flirtations with the Muse!

Thrice happy man! whose closing day
Still glows with Fancy's vivid ray!
For she can brighten wintry skies;
The gloomy fog before her flies,
And castles bold and landscapes fair,
And seas and rocks she paints in air:—
But ere I mount her burning car,
And drive my metaphor too far,
Let me your cautious rules retain,
Lest wild confusion mar my strain;
Not that I now the censures dread
Of critic cold, "with scrupulous head,"
Whose icy hand so oft congeals
The blood-warm stream young genius feels;
Me no sour critics can condemn,
Because I scribble not for them;
But freaks indulging of my own,
Hopeless and careless of renown,
I vow I'd welcome every thought,
That with it harmless pleasure brought.
If dark December drench the earth,
And life's December frown at mirth;
If rumour hovering o'er our coast,
Fresh horror brings with every post;
Whilst death and carnage stalking round,
Seek entrance on our peaceful ground;
Let me, if earth no bliss can give,
In Paradise with Fancy live:
From the rude scenes of earth I fly,
Beyond the confines of the sky;

With her the future world explore,
Where sin and pain shall be no more:
There, with the brother of my soul
See this vext orb at distance roll,
And wander sweet in peaceful plains,
And grateful join seraphic strains.
Then welcome Fancy's harmless spell!
Reason can scarce succeed so well,
To aid the work of holy Faith,
And smooth the rugged brow of Death.

Extract from a Letter from Miss Mulso, sent by Mr. Edward Mulso to Mr. Richardson.

July 24, 1752.

——You expect (says she) an account of my Deal expedition, which was attended with more real and lasting satisfaction than most parties of pleasure generally are; for I shall reflect on it with pleasure to the end of my life. It is impossible not to be *better* as well as *happier*, for an intimate acquaintance with Miss Carter: take her for all in all, I think I may venture to pronounce her the *first of women!* She honoured me with every mark of her friendship and esteem that I could wish for, and we conversed with perfect openness and freedom on all subjects. I wish I

could have preserved in short hand her share of our conversations: I wished to make all her sentiments and opinions my own. She is the truest *philosopher* and one of the *best christians* I ever knew, and this is visible in all her actions, as well as in all her words. The sweetness of her temper takes off all the awe of her superior understanding; and she took care that, while she made me appear contemptible in my own eyes, I should believe myself of consequence in her's. It was particularly delightful to me to see the extreme fondness that subsists between her and her family, and the marked affection she shews for her young pupils. I envied two young ladies, her neighbours and friends, whose education she had taken under her care, and whom she instructs in languages, &c. and, what is of infinitely more value, forms their minds to a reverence and love of religion and virtue, as well by the amiableness of her manner and example, as by the wisdom and excellence of her precepts. Deal is a very pretty country town, and the pleasantest coast I have ever seen. We walked as often as the weather would permit, on the

sea-shore; and sometimes sung, and sometimes talked philosophy to the beating of the surges, &c.

Extract from a Letter to Mr. Richardson, from Miss Mulso.

August 27, 1756.

——— I thank God I am better since I left off bathing, and seem gradually recovering from the ill effects of it; but am still weak, and my spirits worse than they were before I tried this experiment. I had very few days during near three weeks that I spent at Deal, in which I could enjoy any thing—even Miss Carter's conversation! Yet my heart, when most dejected, took pleasure in her kindness, of which I received every proof that the most tender and watchful attention of friendship could give. How does her character (great and good as it always appears,) improve upon one's admiration, and endear itself to one's affection, when viewed in the most intimate and familiar lights! What a treasure is she to her family, her friends, her neighbours! She is thought by many of her admiring acquaintance here, and at London, to be *buried* and *lost* at

Deal. Yet, I find *that* is the place where most she shines in those excellencies which are really the most valuable. The applause of the world is not the end or motive of any of her attainments; and they are exercised in the most *useful* manner, though not with the greatest *eclat*, in her social retirement; where she receives the most truly desirable of all sublunary honours, the tribute of true esteem, respect, and tender affection, from the hearts of all whom her benefits can reach.

It gives me infinite pleasure to know that she enjoys her situation as much as some of her friends regret it for her. Her happiness has, indeed, the surest foundation, and will, I doubt not, be ever improving to all eternity.

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